BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE

TED WILLIAMS TELLS HIS OWN STORY

BABEBALL'S LABT .400 HITTER BREAKS A LIFELONG SILENCE

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 10, 1968 40 CENTS

THE U.S. OPEN

WHO RULES THE GAME?




CHAMPION JACK NICKLAUS

Clubs yo

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Cleek
An all-purpose iron for distance off the fairways. Used in much the same way as today's #2 iron.

Putter
Even in the old days, putters took queer shapes. This one has a wooden head, faced with iron

The year was 1895.
The first U.S. Open was played at Newport.
Eleven men entered.
Horace Rawlins won with a 173 for 36 holes.
Golf has changed a lot since then.
Most woods and irons are no longer made by hand.
Their shafts are steel instead of hickory.

Their proud old names have given way to antiseptic number
Happily, there is one club that hasn't changed a bit.
Canadian Club is still made in the same way that
Hiram Walker created back in 1858. And it's still a preferre
whisky wherever distinguished people gather.
At country clubs. Private homes. Fine hotels. Restaurant
And taverns.

ı might have seen at



Mashie-Niblick
Corresponds to today's #6 or #7 iron. The deep ridges on its face gave balls the required backspin.

Driver
Note the leather inset, affixed with wooden pegs. Club bottom is ram's horn and brass, for added strength.

Gooseneck Niblick
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Why this whisky's universal popularity?
Canadian Club has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long. In short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.
You owe it to yourself to try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.



the first U.S. Open.



Track Iron
So-named because it was used for lofting the ball out of ruts made by horse-drawn maintenance wagons.

Canadian Club
First made in 1858 by Hiram Walker it was first served in exclusive gentlemen's clubs

Gutta-Percha Ball
Replaced the feather ball in the mid 1800s. Its heavier weight led to the use of shorter, squattier club heads, with hickory shafts.

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD



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Model by Asdur Takakjian

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Credits on page 108

Next week

A HITTING FAMINE has swept the big leagues and with it a plague of theories explaining why William Leggett examines a few of them and then tells what is really happening

A CAREFREE TEXAN named Lee Trevino, who finished fifth in last year's Open, is the sort of guy who will win a $100 bet pulling with a Dr Pepper bottle, then blow it all at poker

MEXICO CITY BY CAR? A lot of Americans will try it in this Olympic year Jack Olsen offers a stimulating report on what is likely to befall them as they move slowly south

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At the Indianapolis 500, Firestone tires have scored 45 wins to all others'


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BOOKTALK

Another literate volume proves again that fishing is more than just sport

Allah does not deduct from man's allotted time those hours spent fishing," goes an ancient proverb about a pastime which is as much a spiritual exercise as it is a sport. This may be why good writers who like to fish often lavish their best talents on their favorite sport.

Edward Weeks, retired editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is no exception. His new book, *Fresh Waters* ($7.95, Atlantic-Little, Brown, Boston), deals mainly with fly-rod fishing for trout and salmon, but it is far more concerned with esthetics than with techniques. "In fishing as in love," writes Weeks, "there is the innocence and surprise of the first rapture and the joy, more deeply felt, of renewal."

For much of his adult life Ted Weeks listened only half interested to the wild-eyed banter of friends concerning rods, rushing streams and leaping fish—subjects which, he recalls, "sounded to me as mysterious as sex but not nearly so much fun." Finally, goaded by the anglers, on a June evening in 1938 he found himself in a boat on Massachusetts' North River, fly rod in hand. A school of small striped bass arrived, and 30 years of sweet madness had begun. "Love is pictures," he writes of the experience, "and my mind's eye was to hold thereafter my initial exposure to that swirling power underwater which called out something latent in me. . . . A single vision is enough for most converts."

Fresh Waters is plainly a paean to angling—a 30-year odyssey of wild fish taken from beautiful waters. Those who love the sport as Weeks does will understand when he writes, "I doubt if I shall ever outgrow the excitement bordering on panic which I feel the instant I know I have a strong, unmanageable fish . . on my line." And they will learn the wisdom that 30 years on the water can teach. "I know that the hot blood has cooled and that I no longer reckon in terms of how many or how big." Weeks confesses. One of his most memorable moments is the pursuit, capture and release of a two-pound 10-ounce native trout from a tiny brook in a remote Cape Cod cranberry bog.

Despite occasional moments of dark concern over the future of the nation's streams, *Fresh Waters* is filled for the most part with a special kind of joy and silent wonder that readers will find easy to share. Years ago explaining what the Northwest Miramichi meant to him, Weeks prophetically summed up what he has made an underlying theme of this book: "the feeling of privacy so rare in our urban life, the absence of litter and waste, the reassurance of unchanging natural beauty."

—DAN LEVIN

Championship cars and stock cars— Firestone keeps adding to its winning record.



This year Cale Yarborough won NASCAR'S famous Daytona 500 on Firestone tires

The Indianapolis Motor Speedway paid tribute to Firestone with these words "No other company has made greater contributions to automotive safety, both on the speedway and on the highway, than The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company"

FIRESTONE'S WINNING RECORD IN MAJOR RACES (U.S.)

Indianapolis 500	Firestone 45—Others 7
Daytona	Firestone 21— Others 9
Darlington	Firestone 23—Others 7
Pikes Peak	Firestone 42—Others 10
Trenton Speedway	Firestone 18—Others 7
Milwaukee	Firestone 20—Others 4
Phoenix National Championship	Firestone 18—Others 5
Atlanta Motor Speedway	Firestone 11—Others 6
Charlotte Motor Speedway	Firestone 10—Others 7
Riverside	Firestone 4—Others 5
Yankee 300	Firestone 5—Others [illegible]
Peach Blossom 500 Rockingham	Firestone 4 Others [illegible]



What we learn on the track gives you an extra margin of safety on the road

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Since then, more races have been won on Firestone tires than any others

In the very first Indianapolis 500, for example, Ray Harroun rode to victory on Firestone tires From that race on, more winning drivers have used Firestones than any other kind

Over the years, Firestone has consistently used its racing research to help make safer, better tires for everyday use

Today, Firestone racing tires are found on Indianapolis cars, stock cars, sports cars, Formula I's, GT's— you name it On short tracks or long tracks, Dirt, brick or asphalt Winding courses or banked ovals

But the objective is always the same Not just to win, but to learn For what we learn on the track we put into our tires Like the original Super Sports Wide Oval tire

A direct result of our racing research, it's built on the lines of a racing tire Almost two inches wider than a conventional tire Result a totally new kind of tire with fantastic roadability A concept so outstanding that it's been extended to a full line of Wide Oval tires And only Firestone could do it So it's not what we get out of racing that counts, it s what you get Safer, stronger, longer-lasting tires for your car At 60,000 Firestone Safe Tire Centers, nationwide



Firestone

The greatest tire name in racing

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Ted Williams' life story, which begins on page 82 of this issue (the first of five installments), is the culmination of years of discussion between Ted and a variety of hopeful writers and publishers. The outspoken Williams is one of the most interesting people in the world—which seems like an extravagant statement but is not—and his story, a far cry from the standard sports biography, was much sought after. But for years Williams put off doing it because, he said, he wanted it "done right." Inordinately suspicious of sportswriters, he would sometimes come close to an agreement to do the



GANGEL, WILLIAMS AND UNDERWOOD AT WORK

story, but, like one of the fighting fish he loves to go after, he'd suddenly turn and break away again.

Then John Underwood of our staff did a fishing story with Ted (SI, August 21, 1967), and Williams was so impressed by the article that he decided Underwood was the man who could work with him on his autobiography and get it right. Details were ironed out, and the result, as readers will discover, is a memorable contribution to the literature of sport.

In the first four installments Williams discourses loudly and clearly on the people and events associated with his long and spectacular career. Then, in the final article, comes the long-awaited treatise: Williams on Batting. It is almost certainly the most authoritative thing ever written on the demanding and delicate art of hitting a baseball. Art Director Dick Gangel, who worked closely with Williams and Underwood in the preparation of the batting chapter, says, "Williams is a bright, intelligent guy, and hitting is an absolute passion with him. I've never known anyone with such a consuming passion for one thing."

Underwood agrees. "I watched Ted with those Red Sox rookies in Florida. He knows so much more than anybody else does about batting. He was a bit rough with the kids, a little impatient, but that's the way he is. He's that way because he's such a perfectionist. You'd be surprised at how little most of today's players know about their craft. Yet Williams can look at a man's batting swing and break it down and analyze it the way Hogan can a golf swing.

"There's been a lot of baloney written about Williams," Underwood adds, "a lot about his not being cooperative and so on. But he can be extremely gracious and kind. It was an enjoyable assignment. In Florida we'd sit out underneath the live oak trees, and he'd talk. He's a great, great talker. Wonderful recall. I'd mention something he had done and he'd say, 'You know about that?' And then he'd start telling a story about it.

"He gets gruff at times. He gets into these little black rages. You have to bark back sometimes to let him know you're alive. We got along fine."

Williams established some illustrious records as a ballplayer, and with this article he sets two more. Installment one is the longest baseball story we have ever run in a single issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and the five parts together are the longest overall.

Gary Valk

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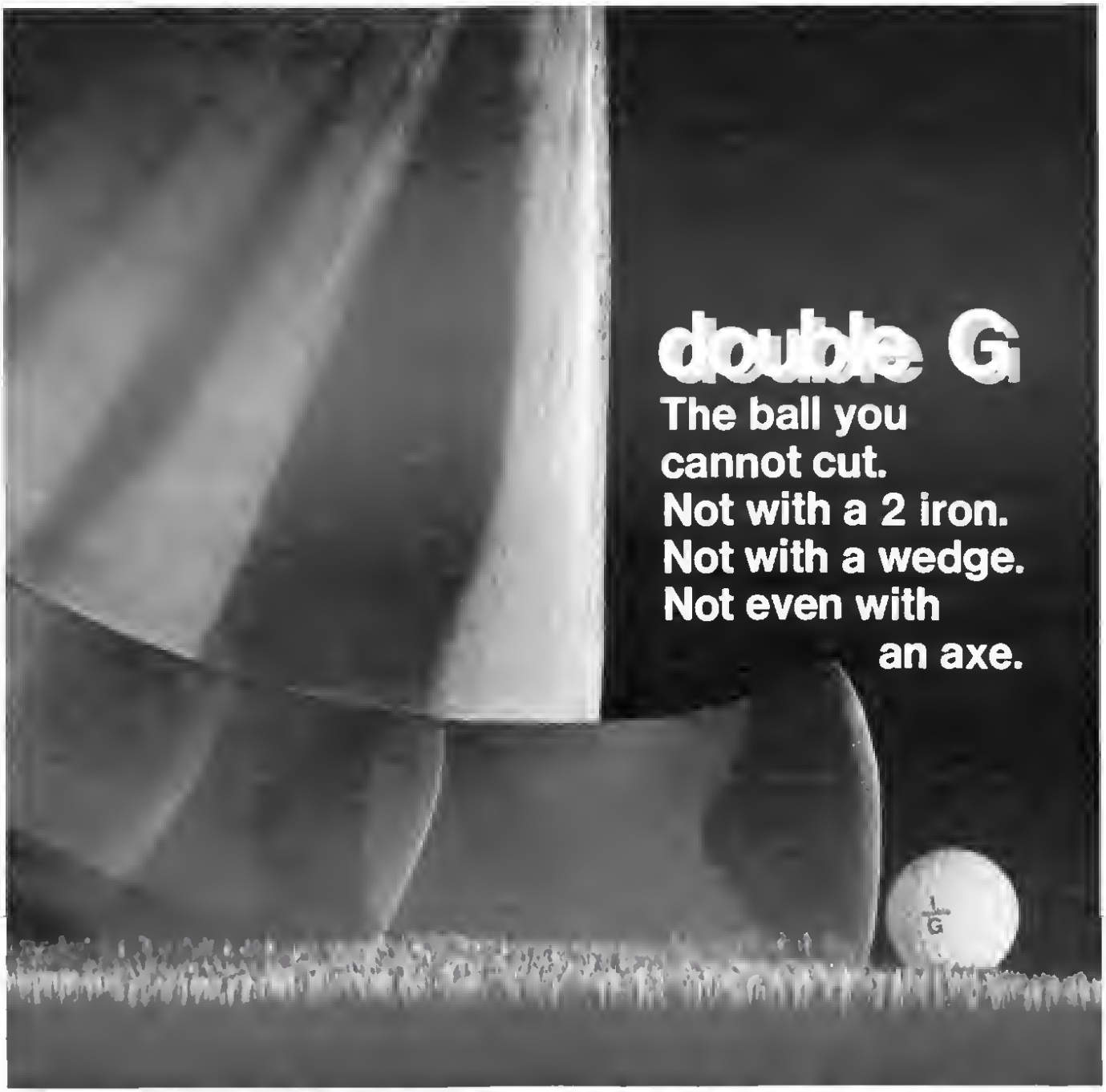
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SCORECARD

BUFFALO BILK

No city has been so often tantalized—nor so frequently disappointed—by sports expansion as the Queen City of the Lakes, Buffalo, which last week lost out once again. Buffalo representatives figured they were a cinch for one of the two new National League baseball franchises, along with San Diego, but Montreal turned out to be the dark horse, even though League President Warren Giles was not aware of who backed the Canadian entry. "I don't know their names," he admitted blandly. It was all very reminiscent of the recent National Hockey League expansion when St. Louis won a franchise over Buffalo even though it was *not represented at the meeting.*

Buffalo has had two major league entries. One was in Branch Rickey's aborted Continental Baseball League, a venture that ranks with Romney for President. Buffalo does still have the AFL Bills, but they are owned by Ralph Wilson of Detroit. The city wants desperately to keep the Bills, though, so sentiment remains high to go ahead and build a new stadium. It is unlikely now, however, that the proposed $50 million domed stadium will be constructed. Bloodied but unbowed, civic leaders have themselves just switched battle plans and are now already on the prowl, searching for an existing baseball club that looks itchy enough to think about moving.

Buffalo may take some consolation from the harsh economic realities of modern sports peregrination. The new Kansas City Royals and the Seattle Pilots each forked up $5,350,000 to enter the American League. The Nationals socked it to Montreal and San Diego for $10 million apiece. Already Royals Owner Ewing Kauffman, the drug moneyaire, can be thankful he got in cheap, he has found player-development costs to be so excessive that a $10 million initiation fee would have disrupted his budget to the point that the Royals would have been unable to instigate proper farm and scouting programs. In the unwieldy 12-club, one-division setup that the Nationals are foolishly planning, it may be many, many years before the new teams can achieve parity.

HAIR

A decade ago, at a time when every college kid absolutely had to wear a crew cut, when the only concern students felt was how to duplicate the norm in every thought and appearance, Gordon Batcheller, an All-Ivy League football tackle, was genuinely his own man. "He wears his hair long and roams the [Princeton] campus dressed in a black leather jacket and a pair of black leather boots." SPORTS ILLUSTRATED noted (Nov. 30, 1959). Those who, *then as* now, immediately dismiss any young man in shaggy hair as an amoral, un-American instrument of anarchy, nihilism and the devil, regarded Batcheller with scorn. "They call me a hood," he said.

On January 31, in courageous action outside of Hué, career Marine Captain Batcheller, head shaven, in combat issue, was wounded three times. One bullet shattered his thigh. He is now at the military hospital in Quantico, Va. in a body-length cast, facing hospitalization up to a year. When wounded he was, for those who give relevance to such detail, growing a large, bushy mustache.

FASHIONABLE FIDDLEHEADS

It is fiddlehead season up North, and now, just like other big-time vegetables, fiddleheads even have their own festival. It was held for the second straight year the other weekend on Savage Island in the St. John River in New Brunswick, and fiddlehead fans made it to the ceremonies on a barge that was passed off as a ferry. Among those in attendance were descendants of the Malecite Indians, who had first harvested fiddleheads three centuries ago. The Fiddlehead Festival featured sports, storytelling, Indian dancing and the crowning of the 1968 fiddlehead princess, but the highlight was a dinner of roast beef and, of course, fiddleheads.

Everybody is getting on the fiddlehead bandwagon, it seems. Fiddleheads are on the verge of becoming the first chi-chi vegetable since broccoli was so in it was even featured in versions of Cole Porter's *You're the Top*, along with a symphony by Strauss and Mickey Mouse.

McCain's Foods Ltd. of Florenceville, N.B. packages 110,000 pounds of frozen fiddleheads a year and lets U.S. specialty stores fight over them. The Space Needle Restaurant in Seattle would like to take half of McCain's annual supply just by itself. The Governor General of Canada frequently serves fiddleheads at state dinners; the Canadian ambassador in Washington gets special shipments several times a year. There are not enough fiddleheads to go around.

Fiddleheads, graceful spirals resembling the heads of violins, are the curled-up fronds of the ostrich fern. The earliest of spring greens, they grow in Maine



and parts of Canada. They taste like asparagus with mushrooms. A favorite dish is to serve them with poached egg and hot buttered toast, but there are many ways to serve fiddleheads.

Please pass the fiddleheads.

AMBASSADOR AT ODDS

When Sir Ivor, the phenomenal 3-year-old owned by Raymond Guest, U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, won the Epsom Derby last week he brought his owner not only $140,460 in purse money but also £62,500 ($150,000) from William Hill, a leading English bookmaker. Last

continued

When it's time to load the wagon

Zip! Your window goes down, the wagon's loaded up and you never leave your seat.

Order GM power windows on your new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, or Cadillac.



Ternstedt Division of General Motors

We challenge you. Again.

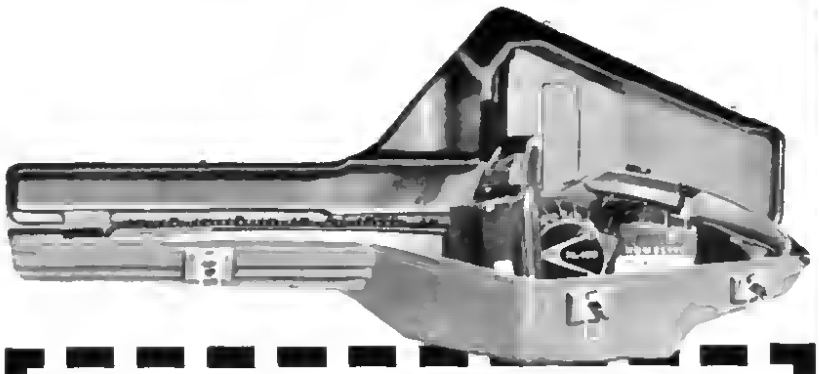


Last year, Spalding challenged you to one round with the Executive, the startling new ball we developed after years of research. Its unique construction made it virtually invulnerable.

Now we've gone a step further. We've inserted a fine layer of windings around the Executive's core, to make the Spalding Executive II. It still has amazing durability. But even better click and feel. *And most incredible of all, it goes even further.*

Golfers by the thousands took up our challenge last year. Now once again we challenge you: Play one round with the new Executive II. You may never play an ordinary golf ball again.

Spalding Executive II



THIS COUPON IS WORTH
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BUYER'S SIGNATURE

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CHAIN SAW SERIAL NUMBER

Offer expires June 30 1968

Here's a $15 reason why you should buy your new Homelite XL chain saw before June 30th



You'll save $15 on the new $19.95 Carry Case, if you buy a new Homelite XL chain saw before June 30th. One demonstration will show you why Homelite XL's are the world's fastest-selling chain saws. They're perfectly balanced, fast-cutting, with smooth-running power and easy handling. The new Carry Case protects your chain saw and provides the most convenient way to transport and store your saw. Take this $15 coupon to your Homelite participating dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

HOMELITE

5806 RIVEROALE AVE., PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

A textron DIVISION

September the ambassador substantially hacked his horse at William Hill's at 100 to 1. By starting time Sir Ivor was 4 to 5 favorite, and Hill had even offered Guest £10,000 to call the bet off. The owner refused, so Hill, who advertises his firm as "The World's Biggest Bookmakers," decided to make some sure mileage out of the potentially huge loss.

He took ads in London papers on Derby Day with the heading "WILL HE WIN £62,500 TO-DAY?" and then pointed out that "like many prominent patrons Mr. Guest shows his faith in the Hill Organization." The ad included a coupon that bettors could use to establish credit. William Hill lost a total of £113,000 when Sir Ivor won the Derby by a length and a half, but at least he may have gained some new customers from the advertisement.

TAKING A COUNT OF 10

Its power faded in football and basketball, Big Ten prestige will soon be battered in track and field as well. It is almost impossible that any conference athlete will be at the Mexico Olympics, denying the conference representation for the first time since 1896. Big Ten track performances are so poor that they meet minimum Olympic standards in only three of the 19 events, and none of these potential qualifiers are better than 10th best in the U.S.

JOB OPPORTUNITY

There is a trend in both basketball and football for coaches to stay in their sector of the game, pro or college. It is unfortunate, because it probably serves to isolate ideas and stunt the sports. The particular theory that only an old pro can coach a pro team goes virtually undisputed in the NBA, so it was a major surprise last week when the Chicago Bulls hired young Dick Motta away from Weber State College. Far from having played in the NBA, Motta had not even been good enough to make his college team—so he went out and earned a letter as a wrestler. He is that kind of guy, and although he is hardly known outside Utah, he just happens to be one of the very best coaches anywhere. The Bulls deserve credit for giving Motta a chance to destroy the bias that an outsider cannot succeed in the coaching club.

For the other NBA coaching job still

continued

Our bottom can save yours.

A little bit of water on a smooth surface can knock you off your feet.

That's why we put that crazy cut-up sole on our Mainsail® sneaker. Just to give you an extra edge when you run into a wet surface.

In fact, it gives you a lot of extra edges. And each one pushes water out of the way like a squeegee.

So that your feet are on dry land, even though the rest of you is at sea.

Of course, sailors discovered the secret of Mainsails first. After all, they're at sea more than most of us.

But that doesn't mean you don't need them on land. Rain is just as slippery as any other kind of water.

Besides, Mainsails are the most comfortable sneaker we've ever made. They have a special arch cushion, a special heel cushion and a special sole cushion. You're literally walking on special cushions.

Best of all, you can take Mainsails to a lot of places you wouldn't take ordinary sneakers. Because they look as good as they behave. And they come in four modern colors in addition to classical white.

Which means you don't have to save them for a rainy day.



Keds Mainsail

UNIROYAL

THE WATERPROOF BOURBON

Wrap yourself around a real thirst quencher. Antique—The Waterproof Bourbon. You can't drown its rich aroma with soda or ice. And you won't wash away that rare, rewarding Antique flavor, no matter how you water it.

ANTIQUE... undiluted pleasure.



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

open, in Philadelphia, Earl Lloyd's name came up again. Earl Lloyd, who played six years with the old Syracuse Nationals, is always being "considered" for coaching jobs. He just lost out at Wisconsin. He is considered because he is unanimously regarded as articulate, perceptive, attractive and thoughtful. He is also unanimously regarded as a Negro.

Oh well, if the pros hired a guy out of Ogden, Utah just because he is a good coach, one has to think that some day very soon somebody is going to stop considering Earl Lloyd and put him to work on the bench.

BEARD OF PREY

Cockfighting has flourished in Cuba for 400 years, and until Castro arbitrarily banned the sport recently, virtually every hamlet had its pits where mains were held each Sunday. "Only a minority of the people who are the backbone of this nation—the working peasants—attend cockfights," Castro declared in a typical distortion of the facts when he outlawed cockfighting. "The fights are places where people gather to spread rumors and commentary against revolution," he went on, probably with more accuracy.

The sudden elimination of the fighting and breeding of the beautiful birds has served as a boon to breeders in Florida, where the sport is legal within certain limits (leather padding must be worn over the cocks' lethal spurs). Puerto Rican and Dominican Republic buyers, formerly dependent on obtaining Cuban birds, have sent prices for a normal purchase unit (one cock and two hens) up 15% in Florida. Enthusiasts there are already seeking strains in Texas to replace any that might be diluted by the heightened Caribbean demand.

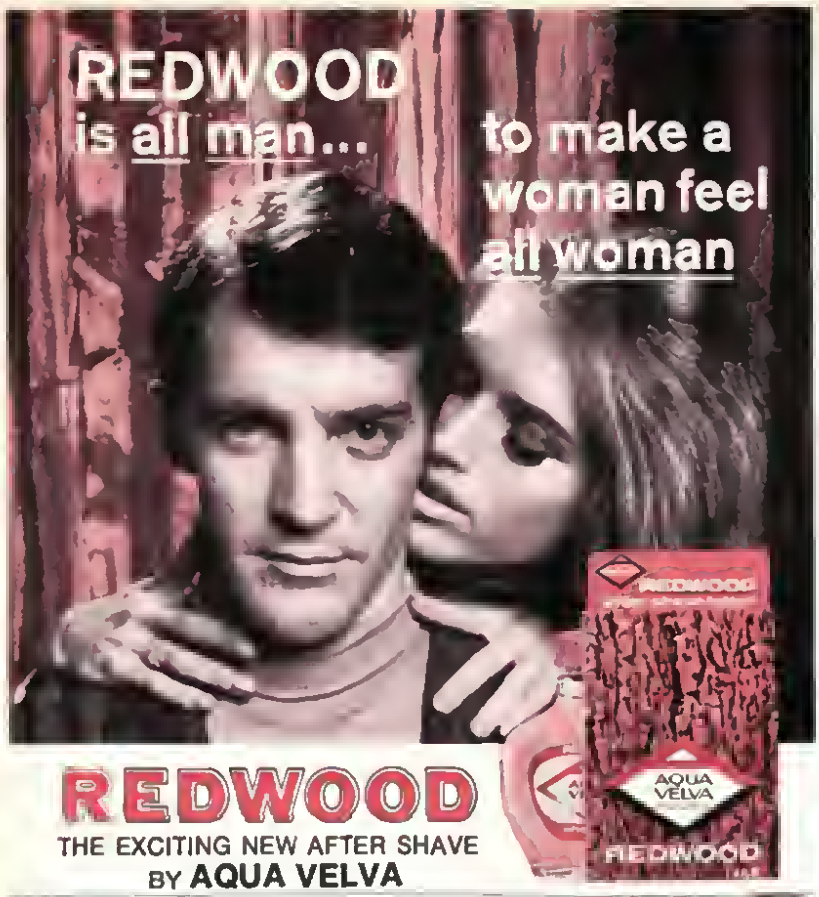
As for Castro, no one can really figure out why he decided to deny the people one of their favorite diversions. "Maybe he lost a few pesos in the pits himself one Sunday and got sore," one bewildered refugee suggested.

KEEPING UP WITH THE ROCKETS

Expansion has produced more than 50 new major league teams in the last few years, and an important study just completed shows that nicknames are greatly affected by geography and tradition. For instance, the Midwest is the only section of the country that has a thing about animal names. Bulls, Cougars, Mustangs,

continued

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WITH FORTREL
University City Stadium
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SWINGERS: Mr. Hicks Glo Tone X Press® Ivys. Swing her into your circle with these Glo-Tone traditional slacks in multi shades from Mr. Hicks. . . made of 50% Fortrel® polyester and 50% combed cotton with X-Press®, these slacks come in varied colors and never need a press. Try a pair soon . . . or several pair. You'll like the shape you're in. About $9.00.
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Bengals, Muskies (R.I.P.) and most recently Bucks.

In the East there is similarly strong preference for history, patriotism and local identification, maintaining a trend that has given us Yankees, Senators, Dodgers, Orioles, 76ers and Patriots in the past. The East is also the only section that favors alliteration. Thus, while New Jersey Americans, New York Generals and New York Skyliners (also R.I.P.) are certainly acceptable, Boston Beacons, Baltimore Bays and Washington Whips—not buggy whips, but House and Senate whips, of course—are better. Because of Phillies and Pirates, new Pennsylvania teams seem to have no esthetic regard and are concerned only with alliteration: Pittsburgh Penguins, Philadelphia Flyers. Phooey.

The historical touch also predominates in Southern river towns, where nicknames seem to have traveled up the river with jazz. Hence: New Orleans Saints and Buccaneers, St. Louis Blues, Kentucky Colonels of Louisville.

The West, having been populated by diverse elements from throughout the country, is the only section to show no pattern. The West has tried everything, even weather (Suns), technology (SuperSonics), and good neighborism (Toros, Amigos—again R.I.P.) without finding its niche. If all else fails, teams just take the lowest common denominator. It used to be Hawks. Now it is Stars, Rockets and Royals. Vancouver, Kansas City, San Diego, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, St. Louis—there are Stars, Rockets and Royals everywhere, even two Stars in the same soccer Gulf Division. The next important study, by the way, will examine names of divisions.

THEY SAID IT

• Pedro J. Sánchez, father of three and victor in Colombia's 18-day bicycle race after eight years of trying: "I will not have any more children. I will dedicate myself to bicycles."

• Jimmy Piersall, ex-major league baseball player and father of nine, on the art of diapering: "Spread the diaper in the position of a baseball diamond with you at bat. Then fold second base down to home and set the baby on the pitcher's mound. Put first base and third together, bring up home plate and pin the three together. Of course, in case of rain, you gotta call the game and start all over again." **END**

By the end of 1968 we'll probably be the second largest car rental company.



Our man in charge of "people people" standards.

The way things are going, only one car rental company will have more locations than National at the end of 1968.

Making the customer No. 1 paid off. We grew at twice the rate of our competitors last year, nearly doubled our locations and increased our fleet (mostly GM cars) again and again.

But it's made us scramble to maintain our "people people" standards.

To help, we've installed a new instant reservations confirmation system. (Like our S & H Green Stamps, our competitors don't have it.)

And we're adding cars and good people as fast as we can without endangering our high standards. We may be No. 2 by the end of 1968, but *we'll* still be No. 1.

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

National Car Rental...the people people.



Campy Campaneris gets an "energy edge" with Carnation Instant Breakfast

Any guy who can lead the league with 55 stolen bases must have a lot going for him. For one thing, Campy has Carnation Instant Breakfast. In the morning. And for a pre-game energy boost. It's packed with nutrition. For fast energy. For sustaining energy. The kind that pays off in a close contest. We call it "the energy edge." Get it yourself. Lead off the day with a packet of Carnation Instant Breakfast mixed with milk.



Fair warning: Something about this one will get you all unglued. Maybe the slippery shape. Or maybe all that energy under the hood. Or the road-ready combination of independent suspension and disc brakes at all four corners. Whatever it is, the '68 Vette has got to be one of the most desirable cars ever built. So desirable, in fact, that you can order an exclusive new anti-theft warning system for it. Now, if anyone opens a door or the hood, he triggers a blurting, blaring horn. You might call it a piece of resistance for a pièce de résistance.

Corvette CHEVROLET

Perpetual emotion machine



ALPHABET SUPE



Increase initial response for only $1.35.

You've spent three grand or more on a sleek, saped-up, sporty car. Protect your investment. Add STP to your motor oil.

At high speeds, new engines, especially high performance engines, are subject to friction that can cause metal breakdowns.

STP Oil Treatment provides initial help.

STP cuts the friction. Cuts the wear. Cuts it like no ordinary motor oil alone can.

For the engine you've already broken in, STP helps keep it running letter perfect.

Rich lubrication clings to parts. Increases power. Lets your hot car run cooler, stronger, quieter, longer.

Great drivers like A. J. Foyt and Parnelli Jones feed STP to their racing engines. They know how important STP is in the long run.

Have your favorite gasoline station add STP to your motor oil.

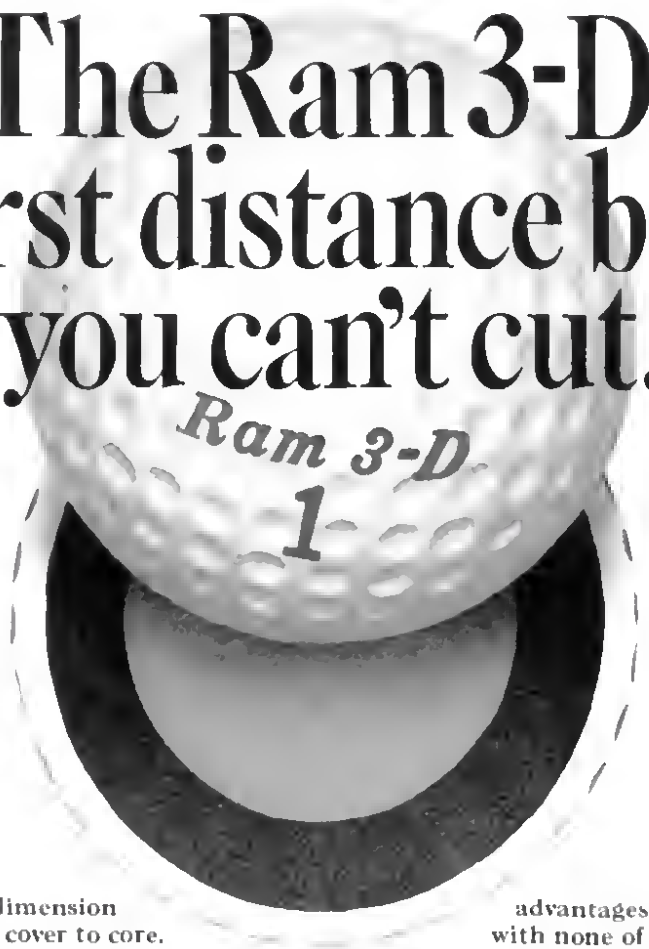
Our high performance letters correspond beautifully with yours.

A Scientifically Tested Product of STP Corporation

The racer's edge

STP OIL TREATMENT

The Ram 3-D. First distance ball you can't cut.



It's a whole new dimension in golf balls. From cover to core. Here's the inside story:

At the heart of the matter is our maximum-rebound center. It's like dynamite. And it'll out-rebound any other center (even liquid) by as much as 50 per cent.

It's part of the reason why you get 10 to 15 extra yards on every long shot.

Here's the other part:

The Ram 3-D is a wound ball. Like top-grade pro shop balls. The core has 100% Isoprene high-tension windings. They adhere to the inner cover so the 3-D can never go "out-of-round."

Put them together and you have all the great qualities of a wound ball. Great distance. Solid, satisfying "click." Good backspin.

But you get something other wound balls can't give you.

Indestructibility.

The Ram 3-D has a thin Ramlon® cover that can't be cut.

Even with a sharp axe.

Our exclusive Ramlon® is the strongest cover material ever. It gives you all the advantages of a *solid* ball . . . with none of the disadvantages.

It combines the best of two worlds. Wound ball distance and dependability. With the durability of a solid ball.

We tested it against the best of the rest. On the mechanical driving machine. And air cannon tests.

Then we gave it to the pros. Gene Littler. Dave Hill. Tommy Bolt. Bob Rosburg. And Joe Campbell.

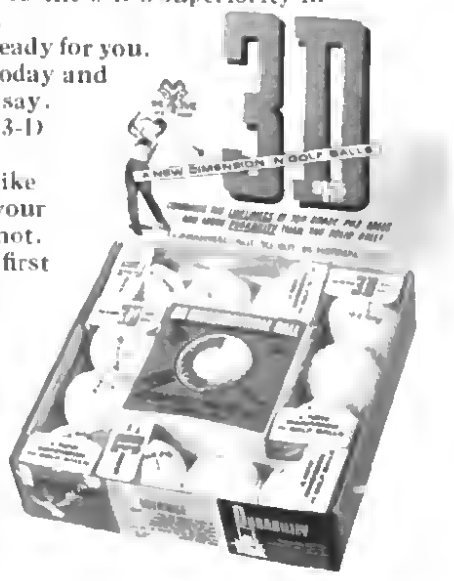
They proved the 3-D's superiority in actual play.

Now it's ready for you.

Try one today and see why we say.

The Ram 3-D is the only ball you'll like more after your first good shot.

And your first had one.



The Ram 3-D ball.

RAM GOLF CORP®
MELROSE PARK, ILLINOIS

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 10, 1968

THE GIANTS FIND IT



Willie Mays, showing flashes of his old self, homered twice to beat the Cards in St. Louis

If the San Francisco Giants contrive to lose the National League pennant by one game this year, they will blame it all on Harry Wendelstedt. Not Henry Aaron or Pete Rose, not Orlando Cepeda or Jerry Koosman, not even the team that survives this season's pennant adventure. They will simply point to an umpire named Harry Wendelstedt and say, "Harry, you did it."

Last Friday night in Los Angeles, Wendelstedt was umpiring a game between the Giants and the Dodgers when he made what may be the most controversial call of the 1968 season. The Giants were in first place but struggling, leading the 10th place Pirates by only five games in the tightest early-season race in expansion-league history. The Dodgers were pitching Don Drysdale, who was hot after a record fifth successive shutout.

When Drysdale stepped out of the dugout for the top half of the ninth, leading 3–0, the 46,067 in Dodger Stadium rose and cheered and floated paper airplanes onto the field. His pants legs drooping almost to his ankles, Drysdale tipped his blue cap as he crossed the third-base line, and he repeated the gesture as he reached the mound and bent over to pick up the resin bag.

Then he ran into trouble. Willie McCovey walked on a 3-and-2 pitch. Jim Ray Hart hit Drysdale's next pitch into right center for a single, and Dave Marshall, a rookie outfielder, walked. Now suddenly the bases were loaded, nobody was out and Catcher Dick Dietz was at the plate. Just three nights earlier in St. Louis, Dietz had hit a long sixth-inning home run off Bob Gibson after the Cardinal pitcher had methodically set down the first 15 San Francisco batters.

In any other circumstance the advantage would have been all Drysdale's—his right-handed sidearm coming in from somewhere around third base to a right-handed hitter. But in this tense situation the count went quickly to 2 and 2—and then the "thing" happened.

TOUGH

Despite fine pitching and a home-run boost from a rested Willie Mays, San Francisco was in and out of first place in the well-bunched National League as St Louis faltered and Don Drysdale came on strong **by MARK MULVOY**

"Now I was looking for something on the outside part of the plate like a spitter," said Dietz. He set himself firmly in the batter's box and leaned toward the plate Drysdale fired. The pitch

Drysdale said it was a fast ball seemed to mesmerize Dietz, who never moved and clearly was hit on the left elbow Instantly Wendelstedt yelled, "Ball three!"

Drysdale, wisely, turned away Dietz, who looks as though he should be a blocking guard for the Green Bay Packers bounced around Wendelstedt like a man with murder in his heart Wendelstedt reasoned that Dietz never tried to avoid the pitch. Therefore, he said, he was invoking a seldom-remembered rule and calling the pitch a ball, since it was not in the strike zone. Giant Manager Herman Franks, who was ejected, shouted unprintables all the way to the clubhouse

The decision possibly saved the game for Drysdale. It preserved his string of scoreless innings at 45 and enabled him to tie the record of five consecutive shutouts set by Guy White of the Chicago White Sox in 1904 Instead of one run in and the tying run at second, the Giants had a sore-armed catcher at bat who was able to produce only a gentle fly too shallow to score the run from third.

Drysdale got his next out on a force at the plate, then went to his cap with his right hand, tugged at his belt, rubbed his thigh, tugged at his belt, brushed the letters on his uniform shirt, pulled at his right shoulder, went to the cap again and finally was ready for Pinch Hitter Jack Hiatt. And one Giant said, "Somewhere in that routine he gets it the Vaseline or whatever it is he puts on the ball to make it jump around." Hiatt went out on a harmless pop-up and Dodger Stadium was instant bedlam—the golden days of Sandy Koufax revisited. The only people not saluting Drysdale's achievement were the Giants, particularly the befuddled Dietz.

continued



Don Drysdale, all business against the Giants, had a record with his fifth straight shutout

"Wendelstedt said I stuck my arm out on purpose," he said. "What am I? Crazy? I'm not going to let him hit me not Drysdale. He'll cut you in two out there. I just couldn't move."

Wendelstedt's odd call amazed even the Dodgers. "I have enough trouble trying to get the ball to hit the *bat*," said Zoilo Versalles, the shortstop. Hank Aguirre, the left-handed relief pitcher who came over to the Dodgers from the American League earlier this year said, "Listen, if anybody wants to get hit, there are plenty of guys around who will hit him. And not on the elbow."

One thing can be said for Wendelstedt's decision—it made the pennant race even tighter and gave the participants something new to talk about in a season that so far has been dominated by perfect games, no hitters, 24 inning 1-0 scores and microscopic batting averages. For instance, on the night Drysdale beat the Giants there were five shutouts and one 14-inning, 2-1 game in the major leagues. The Giants themselves scored only 13 runs in six games last week, and they were shut out by both Drysdale and lefthander Steve Carlton of the Cardinals. Nevertheless they managed to win three of those games, including two in St. Louis on home runs by Willie Mays and on fielding execution that pleasantly startled Manager Franks. Despite Henry Wendelstedt they may win that pennant yet.

Mays had sat out half of one game and all of another, resting himself for the Cardinal series. "Hey, Willie, how old you now, 49?" asked one of the Cardinals when Mays arrived at the batting cage before the opening game in Busch Stadium. Mays ignored the question, but when Cepeda called over to him, "Hey, Willie, did you play with Papa Bear Halas when you were a boy?" his answer sounded like the Willie of old. "Who told you to ask me that?" said Mays. "You don't even know who Halas is." Cepeda turned to Tim McCarver, who had provided him with the question, and asked, "Who is this Bear you talk about?"

That night the bear turned out to be Mays, as Gaylord Perry and Bob Gibson matched one-hitters for six innings. With one man on in the seventh he hit a perfect home run pitch—fastball down the middle—into the left-field seats, and the Giants won 3-1.

The next night the Cardinals took an early one-run lead (that is all the runs they were ever getting), but with two out and Ron Hunt on second base in the top of the third, Mays golfed one of Nelson Briles's flattened-out curveballs into the same left-field seats. Juan Marichal maintained the 2-1 lead for the rest of the game.

For Mays all this was a comeback from a 1967 season that was his worst in the major leagues. Of course, he was hurt and sick most of last year. Now to keep Mays fit physically Franks occasionally rests him, particularly when the Giants face an overpowering right-handed pitcher. "I have no idea when my body's going to get tired," Mays said, "but when it does I'm getting out of there. I don't care who we're playing, whether it's a tough series or not. Fans maybe don't understand that. But I figure that even if the club loses a game or two when I'm not in there, then maybe I'll be rested enough to help win four or five games in a hurry when I get back. The big thing you have to remember is that it's a long, long season."

The Giants have a tendency to collapse in the middle of these long, long seasons, then recover to finish second with a rush. This year the collapse may not be so certain, not only because Mays is healthy and the four-man pitching staff of Marichal, Mike McCormick, Perry and Frank Linzy is superb, but also because the Giants now can make double plays.

Indeed, they saved that first game in



Part of Giant success is slick double-play combination of Hal Lanier (center) and Ron Hunt



Best-balanced staff in the league is led by

St. Louis with a fast double play started by Hunt, their latest and perhaps best second baseman since they left the Polo Grounds. Hunt and Shortstop Hal Lanier, says Franks, "give us the one thing we've never had—the double play. It's beautiful to see for a change." The Giants acquired Hunt in a historical trade that sent Tom Haller to the Dodgers last February. "It was the first deal we've made with the Dodgers since 1956," said Chub Feeney, the Giants' general manager. "Then we sent Dick Littlefield to Brooklyn for Jackie Robinson, and Littlefield spent the winter sitting on the Brooklyn Bridge waiting to learn whether Robinson would play for us. He wouldn't, so Littlefield never did cross the bridge."

Hunt has been injury prone since he came up with the New York Mets in 1963. He plays the game hard and is one of the best take-out sliders in the league. When he tags a base runner, as he did Wes Parker in Los Angeles last weekend, it is hardly with a gentle touch.

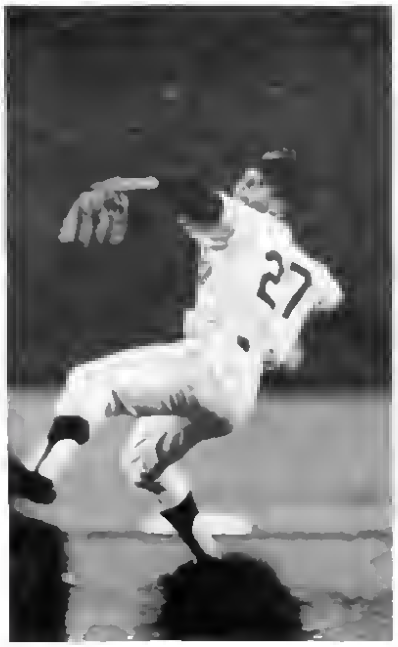
Hunt, Lanier, Mays and the pitchers were carrying the Giants, but no one was doing much to help the St. Louis Cardinals, who were supposed to win the pennant by Memorial Day. At one time last week the Cardinals had lost 11 of 13 games, and they went from 3½ games ahead to three games behind the Giants in the standings. Cepeda left 27 men on base in those 12 games, and Manager Red Schoendienst occasionally benched McCarver and Lou Brock. The bullpen, a weak spot anyway, faltered regularly and the starters—pitching without runs—gave up too many homers.

Consider what happened to Gibson during the month of May. He made six starts, winning the first two and losing the last four. He beat the Astros in 12 innings and the New York Mets in 11. Then he lost 3–2 to the Astros; 1–0 to the Phillies in the 10th inning; 2–0 to Drysdale and the Dodgers (even though he pitched a one-hitter for eight innings) and 3–1 to the Giants last week.

"We don't worry yet," said Cepeda, who was hitting under .250. "We get no breaks so far. I get letters from my friends, and my mother calls me from Puerto Rico asking, 'What's wrong?' Nothing is wrong."

But something was wrong. Then, in that game against Perry and the Giants, the Cardinals for a moment played exactly as they had last year when they demolished the rest of the National League. Brock, who stole seven bases in the 1967 World Series but only five in 45 games this season, led off the bottom of the first inning with an ordinary single into short left field. This time, however, it was a double, as Brock caught the Giants handling the ball gingerly. Curt Flood, about the only consistent hitter in the Cardinal lineup, flied to very shallow right field. Dave Marshall, the rookie outfielder, caught the ball routinely, and Brock returned to second base. As Marshall started to return the ball to Hunt, Brock bolted for third. He beat Hunt's throw—barely. Roger Maris then grounded to First Baseman Ty Cline, who was playing about even with the base, and while Cline wound up to throw to the plate Brock scored easily.

The Cardinals, before Brock's play, obviously had been playing overcautiously. Their St. Louis fans, just as obviously, overreacted with their boos. Some paraded around the stadium wearing blazers with a breast-pocket patch that said "Royal Order of Losers." But it is only June, and there are four months to play in the season. Every team in the league is close—the bottom team could lead, given a good streak—and it just might be that at season's end the San Francisco Giants are going to thank Umpire Harry Wendelstedt for nothing, which will be the one game they lost the 1968 pennant by. END



Juan Marichal, who beat the Cardinals 2–1.



A slashing, dangerous runner again, Lou Brock of St. Louis took third on an outfield out.



UPSTAGED BY UPSTART JOHNNY

Favored to win the Belmont, last of the Triple Crown events, Forward Pass was overtaken at the eighth pole (above) by a colt named Stage Door Johnny who had never competed in a stakes race in his life

by WHITNEY TOWER

It was the 100th anniversary of the Belmont Stakes and perhaps a few of the 54,654 fans had come out to sing *Happy Birthday*. There were also those anxious for their first look at Long Island's revitalized old horse park with its spanking-new modern stand and beautiful, European-type walking ring. But the real lure was Forward Pass. For the sixth time since 1943 the winner of the Kentucky Derby and Preakness had a chance to become a member of the sport's most exclusive club. The membership numbers only eight colts, going back to Sir Barton in 1919 and ending with Citation in 1948, who have won all three of the Triple Crown classics.

It thus became a day drenched with sentiment and tradition and suspense. Yet, throughout the enormous, packed plant, whose patrons were openly overjoyed at celebrating Belmont Day once again at "home" after five previous renewals at Aqueduct, there was speculation on two points. First, if Calumet Farm's Forward Pass did win, how would racing historians record his asterisk Triple Crown, gained at the expense of the disqualification of Dancer's Image in the Derby? Second, how significant, in any case, would a Belmont victory be for Forward Pass if the triumph were not achieved against Dancer's Image, the last colt to beat him over a finish line?

All this conjecture became purely academic shortly after 5:32 last Saturday afternoon, when Greentree Stable's Stage Door Johnny nailed the pacesetting Forward Pass right at the eighth pole and drew away to win his very first stakes race by a comfortable length and a quarter. A wild roar rolled spontaneously across Belmont's expanse of greenery. This was no clamor of disapproval because the sport had been deprived of a Triple Crown champion; it was ungrudging acclaim for a new classic hero. For the 100th winner of the Belmont Stakes (who earned $117,700 out of a gross purse of $161,450) wore the familiar and popular pink-and-black silks of his co-owners, John Hay (Jock) Whitney and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson. Greentree Stable had won three previous Belmonts, with Twenty Grand, Shut Out and Capot. Many of Trainer John Gaver's most glorious moments were experienced at old Belmont, particularly in the days when his Horse of the Year, Tom Fool, was running more than a decade ago. If it was fitting that the 100th Belmont Stakes should return to its home grounds, it seemed equally apt that Greentree's silks should show first. Certainly it appeared that way to those who picked this lightly raced chestnut son of Prince John and the Ballymoss mare Peroxide Blonde, at the inviting odds of 4 to 1 over the even-money favorite, Forward Pass.

There is no doubt that the Belmont lost an element of national appeal when Dancer's Image was forced to withdraw earlier in the week. His now-famous right front ankle simply would not hold up any longer, and rather than try to patch him up for what would have been the rubber match against Forward Pass, Owner Peter Fuller wisely announced the Dancer's immediate retirement. He will spend an unwinding period at Fuller's North Hampton, N.H. farm and then go into syndicated stud duty. With two disqualif-

ications in two weeks, Dancer's Image made most of the racing news in the merry month of May, and now, despite his withdrawal from the scene of activity, his name will not be forgotten overnight. Next week, in Louisville's Freedom Hall, the Kentucky State Racing Commission is due to conduct open hearings on the appeal of his disappointed owner, as well as on "other matters" pertinent to the Dancer's disqualification when traces of Butazolidin were discovered in his system after the Kentucky Derby on May 4.

But if the Belmont suffered from the defection of the most famous non-Derby and non-Preakness winner, it gained enormously through the discovery of a genuine runner with both speed and stamina. Stage Door Johnny, the beneficiary of superb training by John Gaver, was given the best ride of his life by 27-year-old Heliodoro Gustines, and it was a sporting delight to watch the efforts of this Greentree team bear fruit. The upset was achieved over a colt who is a fine runner in his own right. Even in defeat, Forward Pass proved an honest, game fighter.

The Belmont, however, proved once again what a lot of wise horsemen have said all along, a good fresh colt, more often than not, will beat a good hard-raced colt. Forward Pass had 10 races last year, and the Belmont was his 10th this year. John Gaver gave Stage Door Johnny only two races a year ago. The big-boned chestnut clearly needed time to mature, so he was then treated to a nonracing winter of seasoning in Aiken, S.C. He went to the post only three times this spring before the Belmont. If he was green, it was also apparent that he was fresh and ready. He had finished second in both 1967 races, was third his first time out in 1968, six weeks before the Belmont, then won his next two by six and four lengths respectively.

Still, with all the speed any horse should need, Forward Pass figured to win the Belmont in a breeze if his jockey, Milo Valenzuela, wasn't subjected to an early duel and was permitted to take the lead and slow down the pace to his own liking. Nobody really thought the Belmont trophy would be handed out as willingly as this, however—not even Valenzuela. And sure enough, he did not have things his own way. At the start, as expected, Milo put Forward Pass on the lead, and he ticked off respectable and reasonable fractions of 48 2/5 for the half mile, 1 12 2/5 for six furlongs, 1 37 for the mile and 2 02 2/5 for the Derby mile and a quarter. But all the while Mrs. Adele L. Rand's Call Me Prince, with Bill Boland up, was a constant source of worry. Three times Call Me Prince moved up to challenge, and three times he was repulsed—obviously at some expense to Forward Pass. While this race was going on between only two of the nine horses, Gustines, who had ridden Stage Door Johnny in all his previous efforts, had started off in seventh place, then moved to sixth and finally to third after a mile. Gustines later admitted that he wasn't worried about any horse in the field, and that's the way he rode Stage Door Johnny. Or, as he put it, "I was cool, yes?"



Johnny's sister, brother, owners Mrs. Charles Payson and Jock Whitney (partially hidden by a reporter), observe as Telecasters Whittaker and Arcaro review the race with Jockey Gustines.

Indeed, he was. Leaving the three-eighths pole, he moved swiftly and efficiently. At the quarter pole of the country's only mile-and-a-half racetrack, he was a mere half a length off the leader but driving hard on the outside. For nearly an eighth of a mile these two courageous horses were at each other's throats, and then, with just another eighth to go, Stage Door Johnny put his chestnut head in front and went on to win in the excellent time of 2:27 1/5. Behind Forward Pass—12 lengths behind him, in fact—came Call Me Prince, followed in turn by Draft Card, Ardoise, Chompion, Sir Beau, T.V. Commercial and Jade Amicol. Aside from Call Me Prince, none had ever been in the race.

Overall it was a definitive contest. Had Forward Pass not run up to his usual consistent form his conqueror might be subject to some disparagement. But Forward Pass ran a very good race. He did not tire, he was simply outrun. By nightfall on Belmont Day some were already proclaiming Stage Door Johnny the best 3-year-old in the country. At a mile and a half, which is raced all too seldom in this country, he may be. And he'll have his chances this summer and fall to substantiate his claim to a title in shorter skirmishes with Forward Pass as well as with Call Me Prince and King Ranch's Out of the Way. (As for the rank of best 3-year-old anywhere in this year of disqualification, Raymond Guest's Sir Ivor may have earned it when he won this week's 189th Epsom Derby.)

After Stage Door Johnny's Belmont win, co-owner Jock Whitney turned to his sister Joan Payson and said, "Since your Mets lost today, we had to win something!" Later, as all hands sipped champagne while discussing the week's victories by Sir Ivor and Stage Door Johnny, one wag tongue-in-cheeked, "It may not be the year for the Mets, but it's turning out to be quite a year for ex-Ambassadors." **END**

RUDE SETBACK FOR THE JET AGE

Again at Indianapolis a turbine car perished with victory around the bend, and the 500 produced a valorous new piston hero in Bobby Unser. Unappeased, the piston-car owners moved to ban all turbines **by BOB OTTUM**

Here he is now, America's emerging new racing hero, all blond and lean and tied together with pure sinew, with all the conscious bravery of a bullfighter and one of those good, solid New Mexico names that really means something. Like Bobby Unser. Here he comes, around the Indianapolis Speedway in the big showdown between turbines and piston-engined race cars. It is motoring's own Bobby Unser, wheeling an old-fashioned piston car with one of the gears gone haywire, holding it in gear with *one hand and steering with the other.* Racer Unser is about to say something important, one of those historic quotes that the racing world will long remember and maybe engrave on belt buckles everywhere. "O.K.," says Bobby. "You had better hold on real good, all you sum-'bitches, because here I come."

As everyone knows by now, Bobby Unser came on and on and on, in a racing drama too impossible and cornball for this elegant age. He beat just about everybody who is anybody in auto racing, he beat everybody who was gutty enough to get out there and mix it up with him, and he won the Indy 500—which is much better than three Olympic gold medals and roughly two rungs above the presidency of the United States.

He did this at a record average speed of 152.882 mph, in three hours, 16 minutes and a few seconds—13.76, to be slavishly exact. He did it through a gathering pile of wreckage. 11 cars finished out of 33 starters—and several curious happenings that stirred up the race more than in any year before.

The 1968 Indy 500 was a turning point of some sort in racing, although it may take months for the authorities to stop jangling long enough to make a sober analysis. Still, certain items are already clear: 1) the race proved that the jet age is something still limited to the friendly skies of United, 2) the piston engine has not yet joined the buggy whip, and 3) Bobby Unser is some fancy young driver, indeed.

After the race Unser had a quick analysis of his own, which seemed cogent enough. He rolled out of the ruins, pulled off his red crash helmet, kissed the wowee trophy queen and said, "I had everything all hung out all day long. Hell, I've never run a full 500 miles before, and I wasn't even sure I could last all that time under that abuse. But I did it."

He did, indeed. When the race began there was no real, oldtime assurance that anything but the turbines would do it. Just by running fast in practice, Unser had the piston-hero role sort of thrust into his arms. He had started the 500 five times and had finished among the top 10 just twice. All during May the turbines had run faster in trials than is decent. The piston cars were struggling to keep up, and none of them had had enough workout time because it had been raining in Indiana ever since anyone could remember.

Unser had qualified his turbocharged Offenhauser-Eagle third fastest (at 169.507 mph) and was sitting right out there in the front row. But parked just inside him were two dandy new turbocars built to a brand-new engineering principle called Early Doorstop. The capable Graham Hill, onetime Indy winner and all-round racing man, was in one of them, and on the pole was Joe Leonard, who had qualified at a scary 171.559. The third turbocar, piloted by muscular Art Pollard, was lurking in the fourth row.

You know how Indy is. Tradition demands that there is much parading, there is the blast of bands and balloons and introduction of almost-celebrities—who ever heard of Werner Klemperer? while the drivers all pace nervously around their cars and wish either the race would start or they could go to the bathroom.

Then it began. The field came howling down to the start, and there was Joe Leonard out in front, whooshing along as expected. There was Unser, complete with four gears and roughly the pickup speed of a guided missile. And there was Hill, letting cars pass him while he dropped back into a strategic sixth. Hill had not planned to be quite *that* strategic, but still, "We had not planned to race," he said later, "until the last few minutes."

"*One of my secret tricks,*" said Unser, "was that I had four gears and nobody knew it. I had two for the pits and two for racing. The third gear was especially for running with a full fuel load, it would pick up rpm real fast to get the car lifting quick. The fourth was for running near empty."

Unser's marvelous, secret gears began breaking halfway through the first turn, or about 499 miles too soon. "Hell, I had to hold the car in third gear with my right hand," he said. "But then I decided that was stupid, because I ended up driving with my left. And pretty soon I got a blister on my palm and then another blister on top of that one. So finally I just left the shift there sort of jiggling around and drove the rest of the race with both hands on the wheel."

Because there had been a 10-mph difference between the lead-off cars and those second-string clunkers way in back, the field opened up quickly into several little dramas, like a high-speed theater-in-the-round, and suddenly 250,000 people didn't know which way to look.

On the third lap they saw the turbines running first, fifth and seventh—with the race already careening along 4

continued

Joe Leonard's turbine led Bobby Unser (3) early and again with only nine laps to go—but Joe's elation changed to head-down gloom

STP

mph over last year's record. And then, look over there. On the eighth lap Unser alone suddenly began holding up piston-engine tradition by whooping past Leonard as they roared down the main straightaway, past the pits and past what had to be the most historic roar ever roared along Gasoline Alley.

"Man, I couldn't believe it at first," Unser said. "I had already discovered that the third turbine—Pollard's—was gutless, and I figured somebody had just plain made a mistake with that one and I wouldn't worry about it. I didn't know yet what Hill could do in his turbine. But I know Joe Leonard don't make no mistakes, and when I could pass him so easily I figured the STP-Lotus-Granatelli's had *all* made a fantastic mistake and I had better start making hay.

"I knew old Joey wasn't going to sandbag in the race. No way. If he had the stuff, he'd use it. After the first lap I still wasn't sure. But after five laps I knew. About a million people out there thought those turbines were going to go *adios* and that would be it. But they didn't. And that's when I said, look out, 'cause here I come."

Unser's car was plenty capable of coming on. It was pushed along by a son of Offenhauser engine—one of 15 in the starting lineup—the old power plant that Indy made famous. But the new generation had added turbochargers, devices that reuse hot exhaust for added kick. It is delicate work; in its unblown state the engine only turns out a silly little 80 horsepower and "won't hardly even idle," according to Unser. But 4,500 rpms would turn on the blower and at 5,000 rpms the horsepower would start heading toward 500-plus. Then, he said, "it really hits you in the ass."

So while the crowd was puzzling over the surprising lack of power in the turbo cars, Unser and his turbocharger stayed out ahead. Behind him, Leonard was being chased by more traditionalists, such as Gordon Johncock and the veteran Lloyd Ruby, the latter wearing a fuzzy velour-covered helmet that was enough to upset anyone who looked in his rear view mirror.

Visiting Grand Prix Racer Hill, in his hot-red turbine and high-speed mustache, was tooling along calmly behind the first flight, in a pocket of space all by himself, avoiding everyone and, apparently, saving the car for a closing sprint. It was a strategy that was to last him until his 111th lap.

Suddenly Hill careened and slashed into the wall near the second turn, taking a punch that left him aching, his head still ringing more than an hour after the race. "The car gave a big, bloody lurch and went into the damned wall," Hill growled. "Something broke [a postmortem showed it was the right-front suspension] and it gave me a terrible slam. I got out and walked down across the track and picked up a wheel which had broken off and moved it out of the way."

There had been a minor hoo-haw over the Lotus-turbine suspension systems earlier; the U.S. Auto Club had said they did not meet the rule book. Lotus people insisted they actually were better, but lost the case and changed them.

Meanwhile piston cars began falling out, too, trying to keep up the pace. Mario Andretti had one car fail after two laps, took over a teammate's and had that one die at 24 laps. His official finishing position was an embarrassing last. Johncock, who had been as high as third, went out; George Snider and Jerry Grant vanished. Jim Hurtubise coasted back into the pits in what looked for one wild moment like a face-lifted front-engined roadster. Golly, look, it *was* a roadster. He shrugged eloquently at the groan from the sidelines and pulled off his helmet and his hopes. Within minutes there was so much else going on that there was hardly time to do traditional Indy things like eat fried-chicken box lunches and drink beer.

While running well up, Bobby Unser's young brother Al ran into the wall in the No. 1 turn, punching the nose of Arnie Knepper's car and touching up rookie Gary Bettenhausen in the process. He climbed out of the ruins and up on the wall, clinging to the wire fence for safety. The Unser pit crews have a brotherly arrangement whereby one will signal the other if something happens, and when Bobby understood that his brother was safe—even if somewhat rattled—he nodded coolly and went on about his mission.

Having discovered that they were not going to overtake Unser, Gurney in fifth place and A. J. Foyt, in sixth, staged a Little 500 of their own inside that rolling 2½-mile fire-fight. Just watching it grown mechanics shuddered.

Ignoring everyone else, the two would come growling down the main straightaway and move side by side into the first turn. "Only two old pros who really respect each other will do a thing like that," groaned one oldtimer, not sure he wanted to watch. Every time around either Gurney or Foyt would lead the way, with the other one slipstreaming, being sucked along inside that tunnel of air. They raced inside the bigger race

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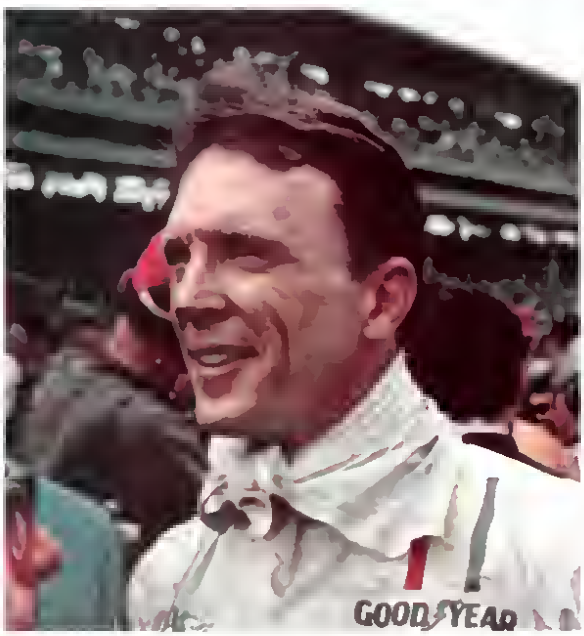
Bill Vukovich Jr. corners ahead of George Snider en route to seventh place—and rookie honors.

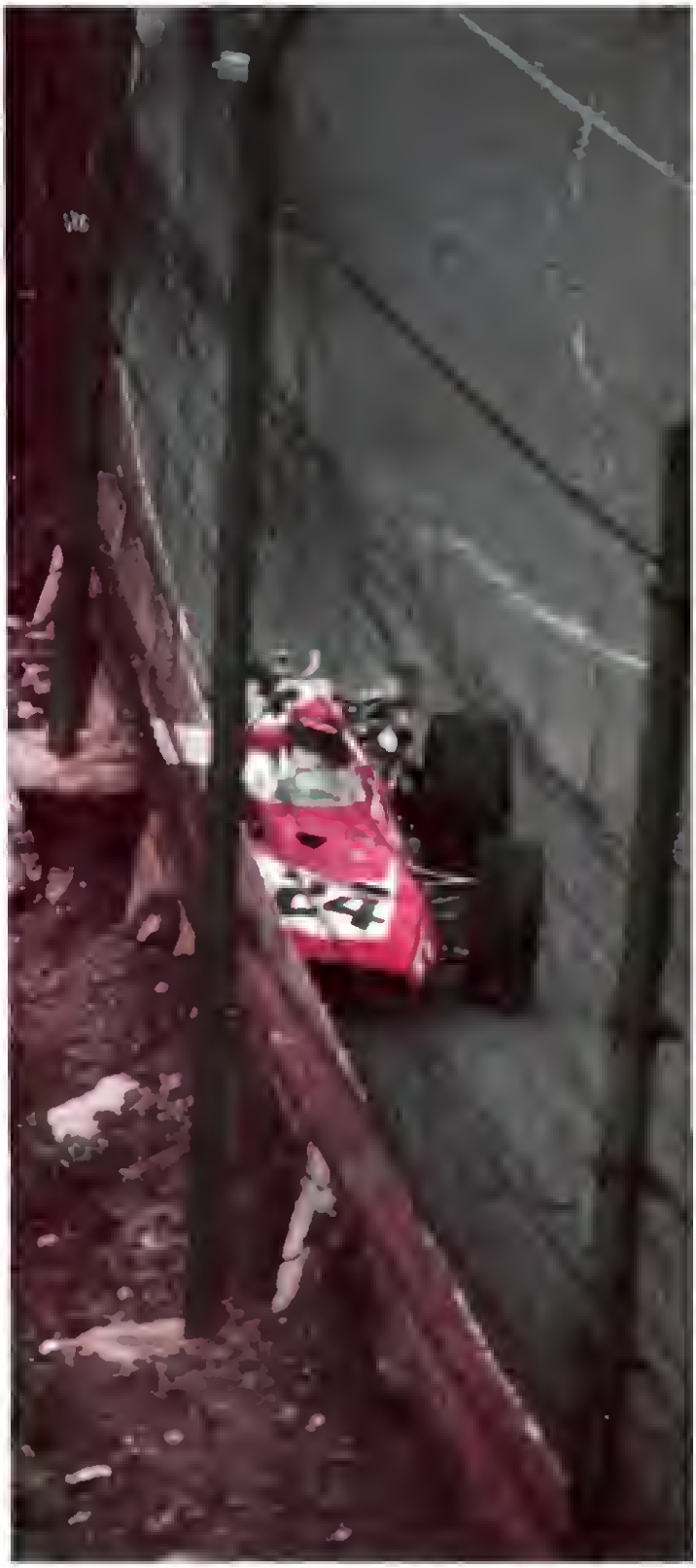


Titan of turbines—and king of catastrophe—Andy Granatelli wears a familiar look of distress in pits as victory eludes him again.



Turbine driver Graham Hill (above) tells reporters of his crash; second finisher Dan Gurney savors the prowess of his Eagle racers.





Into the wall goes Al Unser, Bobby's brother, in 41st-lap crackup.


3
GOODYEAR

until both their cars had gone black in the face—sprayed by oil coming off the track—and finally Foyt, on his 87th lap, broke something vital and alive in his car, like perhaps the transmission. He rolled disgustedly into the pits with the power off. Gurney flashed on alone.

Soon there were just four cars on the same lap—Unser, Leonard, Ruby and Gurney—picking their way through the rest of the survivors still on the track. No more of the turbocharged Fords were running, and some of the best-known celebrities in racing were now spectators. When Unser made his last pit stop, at 165 laps, he pulled away painfully, laboring along in that fourth surviving gear – slowly building his speed back up until the turbo unit kicked into action. Ruby and Leonard moved past him with Ruby holding the lead for nine wild laps. Then his car failed, Leonard was waiting impatiently for the job. The turbocar rolled up front, and the stage was set.

On the 181st lap—with just 19 to go and the fans starting in foam slightly at the lips—Carl Williams' car hit the wall and caught fire on the backstretch and began burning brightly. The fire brought on the yellow caution light—which means everybody must slow down to a mere 120 mph or so while some very daring workmen go out there on the same track with the cars and clean things up. The field all slowed. The idea is to hold position and the same relative spacing and, in the next 13 minutes, naturally, nobody did. In the jockeying Leonard's eight-second lead over Unser was cut to less than five seconds, was opened again to almost 15 by turbine teammate Pollard's delaying tactics, then closed to six seconds again as tempers got hot as exhaust pipes. Finally they all came wheeling around the fourth turn with just nine laps to go, and there was the green flag, and there was everybody standing up howling. Leonard stepped on it. Unser stepped on it. Likewise Gurney and Pollard.

And that's when Leonard's turbocar—the car of tomorrow, the jet wave of the future and all that—died. Clunk. It just died with a sigh, and Leonard pulled it sharply off the track and into the grass and sat there, stunned, his hands still locked in racing position on the steering wheel. At about the same time, on the other side of the track, Pollard's turbine went clunk, too.

"I saw that green flag and I stood on it," Leonard said. "And, boy, we had only nine laps to go, and it was just like a big old jet airplane taking off, and it pushed me back against the seat. And then it went plunk."

Unser flashed on to win, of course, and Gurney rolled in second, finishing 55 seconds later before a glassy-eyed crowd. Mel Kenyon was third, and after third who needs it?

There were loose ends all over the place. The feared threat of the turbines had materialized only in Leonard's fine run—and to a degree in the case with which Hill, when his car was healthy, kept ahead of Foyt and Gurney. The piston engine had survived its showdown with tomorrow. Furthermore, the old-time Offenhauser engine was back home again in Indiana. Ford Motor Company, after dominating Indy for a few years, suddenly faced that old drawing board again. Goodyear Tires had done it to Firestone for the second year in a row. Turbocar Designer Colin Chapman faced a key question, like: Whither the wedge? Three of the first four finishers were All-American Eagles, which makes Dan Gurney the country's premier race-car builder. There was more.

While some of the crowd was still diving for sunken cars in the infield swamp on Friday afternoon, the day after the race, a group of Indy car owners—fearful that they had not kicked a sick horse quite enough—got together and informally banned the turbine from racing. They hope to make it formal through the U.S. Auto Club, which often listens to what the car owners have to say.

If the ban succeeds—and several non-turbine owners will quit racing if it does not—there will be a yelp of outrage from racing fans everywhere. For if Indy proved anything, it proved the two breeds actually are competitive and can stage future super races. And who would want to watch Indy—or any other race—knowing not all the best cars were involved?

What had happened to the turbines in the race? While the piston-car owners were meeting, Andy Granatelli sat sadly in his bedroom at the Speedway Motel, within a hubcap's throw of the track, and tried to figure it out. For 17 years he has tried to win Indy, and each time the sky has darkened over his pit and terrible, grim, awful things have happened. This race seemed to be a triple repeat of last year's, when Parnelli Jones's turbocar had quit with just eight miles to go.

"To hit those qualifying speeds," Granatelli explained, "we set the car at a fast idle—80° of throttle—which gave us a 3- or 4-mph edge. But for racing we had to cut the idle back to 52°. Then the track temperature went up. Turbines operate most efficiently in cold weather, we were hoping for a colder day. We finally ended up at about 430 hp against the Turbo-Offy at something like 640."

Last year's Parnelli Jones turbocar had run kerosene and did not win; this time Granatelli switched to gasoline and did not win. With either fuel, running slowly under the yellow light interrupts the flow to the motor. This time, when Leonard and Pollard hit the throttles, the fuel-pump drive shafts snapped on both cars. Clunk. Clunk. End of historic confrontation.

"This is it," Granatelli said. "The great showdown came and they won. They have beaten us and now they want to ban us."

Last Friday night everybody showered and went to the annual awards banquet, a badly run, sweaty, overcrowded affair about which the less said the better. Leonard had run enough laps to collect 12th place and $37,403 for his work. Pollard was 13th with $12,833 and Hill 19th with $13,693. Billy Vukovich Jr., 24, son of the Indy notable, was named Rookie of the Year. He had run 198 laps, was placed seventh and won $17,903.

Dan Gurney, demon driver and car builder, collected $64,678 for his own finish and another $26,408 for teammate Denny Hulme, who was fourth. And then came Unser. America's new racing hero picked up $177,523 for defending tradition against the jet age.

It was all over, and racing had a new hero: a talented guy with all the guts and good looks that such a role demands. Indy had seen its best race in years, and the whoopee finish set the stage for another one just as good next year. If the car owners will get away from Gasoline Alley and listen to the great public, Indy 1969 will include pistons, turbines and 33 bold men. AND

In Victory Lane the masterful driver of Car No. 3 hugs his wife, Norma, as a daughter, Cindy, presses toward them in joyous family scene.



AFTER 1962 CUP FINAL VICTORY, BLANCHFLOWER HELD TEAM'S TROPHY HIGH

JUST ONE

It never really worked. I probably should have known that from the beginning, had I given it more thought, but I doubt if that would have changed my feelings. I'm not the sort to go into anything with a pessimistic attitude. Even now I want to believe that enough people in America want an honest outlook in their sporting affairs, enough, that is, to get it. At least I hope they will give my opinions fair consideration.

Maybe I should have been more concerned that night in February 1967 when I met Jack Dolph, the director of sports for CBS TV, in the foyer of London's Savoy Hotel. His words do seem more significant now. I remember his brief apology for having little time to spare before he rushed me through a mixed bag of questions concerning American soccer and my possible role as a television commentator, and how something in my answers perturbed him. "You're a spellbinder with words, I'll admit," he finally said. "But, to be honest, you frighten me."

His fears were spellbound, apparently, because a month later a press conference was held by CBS in New York to announce my appointment as "color" man for the network's latest venture into sport, the televising of National Professional Soccer League games.

None of the press corps seemed upset by my answers on that occasion, but they did have some doubt about my fate with CBS. "You'll ruin him," one lady reporter said to Bill MacPhail, the CBS vice-president for sports, over a drink at Toots Shor's after the conference. "Look," MacPhail said to me across the table, "if we say a word to you, you have my permission to phone her."

I wondered if he had forgotten that when I was summoned to his corner office on the 26th floor of the CBS Building just a few weeks later. A couple of his aides were sitting around, and there was a slight air of embarrassment.

"We didn't like part of your commentary on Sunday," one of them said.

"What was that?" I asked.

"You criticized the St. Louis goalkeeper. Couldn't you have been more positive?"

"No," I replied. "He made a mistake."

"That's not what we mean. You *could* have said it was a good shot."

"It wasn't a bad shot," I admitted, "but the quality of the shot is relative to the goalkeeper's reaction. It happens quickly, and one's best judgment is instinctive. This shot was from nearly 35 yards out. Only a rare one from that distance should beat the goalkeeper, and then one would say, 'Great shot. The keeper had no chance.' Here the goalkeeper was a yard or more off his goal line into the field of play, a bad position that allowed the ball to glide over his outstretched hand and dip into the empty goal behind. Had he been on his goal line that would not have happened."

"We think you could have said it was a good shot," they insisted.

"It would not be the truth," I said.

"We don't want you to tell lies," they argued. "We think there are two truths: a positive truth and a negative truth. We want you to be positive – to say it was a good play rather than bad."

I had never met men before who worshiped two truths. Why had such inventive souls stopped at only two, I wondered? Why not four truths? Or 10? The philosophical winds of it swept through my mind. If they had two truths they must have two gods. Honor thy father



AFTER SEASON IN U.S., THIS TIME A LOSER, HE SPOKE HIS MIND

Danny Blanchflower attained international fame as a peerless soccer player in Great Britain, where the world's most universal game is revered. But when he was hired as a television commentator to explain the sport to Americans he did not perform as his employers wanted. Here he tells why he was considered a failure, suggests why professional soccer is in trouble in this country and passes on a deeper message that all sport should heed

TRUTH FOR ME

by DANNY BLANCHFLOWER

and thy mother and thy two gods Positive and Negative. If their life was a conflict between two gods, had Satan, that fallen angel, been banished from CBS as well as heaven? Or did it imply that CBS was heaven? (It was easy money, and it sure felt like heaven there at times on the 26th floor.) But if there was no bad, how could there be good? What would their reactions have been if I had said of the goalkeeper at St. Louis: "Well, folks . . . that sure was good negative play on his part, making it easy for them to score that *great* goal."

Dolph's words, "You frighten me," and the lament of the press lady, "You'll ruin him," made sense now. There was a conflict in the land, and I was in the middle of it.

Someone told me later that the team owners did not like my comments and that CBS thought I was knocking the product. I wondered how they ignored the large amount of complimentary mail I received and their own evidence in an audience response survey at the start of the soccer telecasts. "Several themes recur again and again in this flood of correspondence," the survey stated. "Perhaps the most constant of these is unstinted praise for the lucid commentary, gentle humor and perceptive insight of the 'color' man." Or had they considered the comments of *The New York Times* television critic, Jack Gould, who had reviewed the first soccer telecast and said the game was "chiefly noteworthy for the distinctive commentary of Danny Blanchflower, a London sports journalist whose blend of running criticism, boundless compassion and sterling cliche eased the visual ennui."

"I know only one truth," I eventually said to MacPhail, "to which a man takes either a positive or negative attitude." And I suggested that we tear up our contract, that there need be no compensation, no name-calling and no malice.

"Oh, there's no need for that," they said, showing no conviction in their own argument.

Nor was I the only trouble CBS was having with its soccer game. There was difficulty with commercials. Soccer's two 45-minute periods of continuous play, with a 10-minute interval at halftime, was contrary to American television's pattern of fitting in commercials at regular intervals. CBS officials worried about this, but gave the impression that it was the possible reaction to their solution that concerned them rather than the problem itself. They decided to use goal kicks and delays for injury as starting points for the commercials.

This would have been fine had they let play continue and picked it up again in motion after the minute's break. They could have recorded the missing piece and, had it been of any significance, have come straight back to where they left off, because if a goal had been scored or a riot caused it usually takes about a minute after this for play to restart.

But they wanted their viewers to see it all, to pay the piper and call the tune, which in this case was contrary to their own interests as well as to the spirit of the game. So the CBS people convinced themselves that a goal kick uses up 40 seconds (on a rare occasion it might, but usually it takes about 20 seconds, sometimes less). Now all they thought they had to do was delay the game another 20 seconds. When they asked me I told them this was a wrong approach. It was something like listening to a jazz group improvise on a tune and, when it came to a natural pause in the music, to stop it for a minute and then ask it to pick

continued

100 Pipers. Are you tuned in?



A fine, gentle Scotch smooth-crafted in the Scottish Highlands. By Seagram. Sounds splendid.

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up again where it had left off. It was murder, man!

But CBS strapped an instrument to the referee to signal him that the next injury or goal kick would be convenient for a commercial. The device did not work too well. Perhaps the referee was not picking up the signal in the heat of the game, or maybe it was contrary to his instincts to stop play when all his life he had been keeping it moving.

The system turned sour publicly in Toronto. Peter Rhodes, an English referee, wanted to show CBS officials that he could make it work. Early in the match the leftwinger of the Toronto team tripped and fell. Rhodes whistled a "foul" and waved his arm to show the CBS producer that he intended a delay for a commercial. But the winger had not been hurt as badly as Rhodes had anticipated, and started to get to his feet. Rhodes pushed him back to the ground, and the Toronto crowd was immediately aware of skulduggery.

Rather than help CBS, which was his intention, Rhodes had embarrassed the network. There was talk of Congress investigating, and that is when a red handkerchief made its first appearance on a soccer field. The National Professional Soccer League said it did not want to deceive the public, so the referee was to wave a red handkerchief to show that he was delaying the game for a commercial. Rather than insist that CBS stop the delays, the league would take the money from CBS and, at the same time, wave a red flag to suggest it had not quite surrendered to the deceit.

By now I could see that the U.S. did not need professional soccer. It has its own popular sports, like baseball, basketball and American football. Yet soccer has something to offer, if America would take an interest in it. Basketball and football demand giants. You don't have to be a big man to be good at soccer. If you're good enough, you're big enough. Soccer could give the U.S. world competition in a major team sport. The World Cup is the greatest of sporting tournaments. It is professional, unashamedly so. It happens every four years, like the Olympics. But at the Olympics the gold is scattered and somehow the feelings of victory are diluted. The World Cup has only one winner and it is a team triumph. It builds up to a singular conclusion and a grand climax.

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continued



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ing called world champions of American football But who really plays that game outside America? Think of the national pride across the land if a U S team a boy from California, one from St Louis and Dallas and New York and so on– won the World Cup in a truly world-wide competition.

What the U S could do for soccer is just as exciting a big country with big horizons, big challenges, big ideas, many peoples and climates and conditions, a great competitive urge and great wealth Mix all that into soccer and the possibilities are limitless

But first the public has to be interested and educated, and that is what I was trying to do on the air It was not a calculated act on my part, more an instinctive reaction to the circumstances It was not easy to define It had to be done on the move, hit-and-run, because soccer offers a commentator little time for real explanation The U S teams were overnight productions, a human product, a sell-out-and-come-right-away product There were many faces from many lands It was all for one and one for all, or nearly so I had much compassion for their circumstances playing in hot weather on bad soccer surfaces in front of small crowds

Nor was I comparing their efforts with other, better standards that I know There would have been no point in that I called it as I saw it, gave them credit by their own standards, and when they made a bad pass or move I said so It must have sounded critical to American sponsors and owners who had seldom heard a had shot called a bad shot before, but it had to be honest How else would the American public understand and appreciate soccer if it was not told what was good and what was bad?

One problem was that few of the team owners had any real love for soccer Some owned stadiums, and soccer was just another circus to fill up empty seats Some had been inspired by talk of soccer abroad and the World Cup All of them envied the prestige and profits of the American football teams, particularly since TV enahled pro football to become such a big success. Soccer gave them a sniff of buried treasure and they were after it, with a hint of desperation in their mood because the portents were discouraging I doubt if they had considered that it took American football many decades to become a financial bonanza, or how much grief and love was put into it hy the early pioneers or that millions of boys had been grounded in its fundamentals at high schools and colleges The owners, like the masses, knew little about soccer, but they had vested reasons to be wary of anything that sounded critical of it They were in no mood to appreciate my intentions

Nor was CBS Sports TV does not have the same critical faculty as sports journalism The TV companies are co-promoters They have to sell their product to the sponsors and to the viewers I have been told by producers on hoth sides of the Atlantic not to say that a game was bad when it had been obvi-

continued

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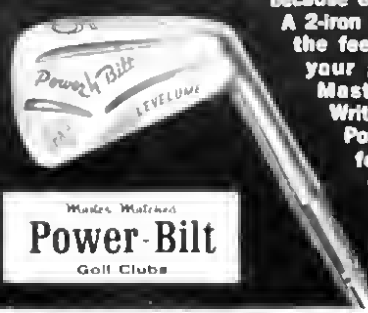
Says Byron Nelson Classic Winner



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ous to everyone that it was bad (I always tried to explain why, believing the reasons were more interesting than lies about it). But the TV producer fears an announcer with a mind of his own. He prefers a mechanical idiot who will get him in and out on cue, a sweet-talking tape recorder with the tones of an old fairgrounds barker. "Come along folks. See the greatest show on earth." They will buy the announcer's soul and preach to him of two truths, and if he can eliminate the negative in his voice he will be a joy in producer-land forever, or until some political storm comes along and demands a new recorder.

The public takes this because it loves its sport, no matter what. But given the choice, I doubt that this kind of thing is what it really wants. Some of the letters in that CBS audience-response survey that I mentioned earlier were revealing enough. "It is refreshing to hear a sports announcer give his own personal and forthright opinions on individual plays and players instead of trying to make a show of impartiality," wrote one viewer. "It was thoroughly refreshing to hear his comments on what were apparently his true feelings without all the ridiculous self-censorship usually employed by announcers," wrote another. These remarks show that the public knows most sports television has a deliberate phoniness about it.

In time television's attitude can do sport great harm. It can undermine its values and lead to the worship of false idols. As the newspapers once carried news of the sporting dream across the land, TV now carries the vision of it to every small boy, young and old. A young player can see a colorful, moving image of his sporting idol. He has a clear picture of what style to mimic. All the coaching in the world could not replace that advantage. But the boy must be informed of the difference between aimless movement and good action. The picture should be given an honest definition by the commentary. Sport is a wonderfully democratic thing, one of the few honorable battlefields left. It is a conflict between good and bad, winning and losing, praise and criticism. Its true values should be cherished and protected. They do not belong to owners of athletics franchises or to TV companies. They belong to the people. Any small boy, anywhere, who kicks a ball owns a

continued

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When tested in an independent lab, this Norelco shaved as close or even closer than a leading stainless steel blade, in two out of three shaves. It's the closest, fastest Norelco ever.

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Now we dare any blade to match shaves with a new Norelco.



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piece of the action. Everybody enjoys exaggeration and romance in a sporting story, but deliberate lying and cheating for profit is something else.

I hope nobody will misunderstand my comments concerning the personalities in the CBS sports department. They were far ahead of any TV company I've worked for before. What control any of them had over policy or to what extent they were slaves to the system, I don't really know. I do not go along with the saying, "If you are not for us you are against us." Many people I am for do some things I am against. The only reason I have referred to them, or written this story, is to point out a dubious quality in the marriage between TV and sport.

TV is an intruder at a sports event and should always be kept in its place. It should not be allowed to change important details of the event to suit its own ends. It should stand back at times and be critical about what is going on. But because it is a very presumptuous being, television thinks the world belongs to it.

TV can help sports crowds grow—build interest—though there were big sporting crowds long before TV. Television can also do much harm. It brings quick money into sport and thus can bring a worthy prosperity to the owners, the players and the game. But, unless handled properly, this money can also destroy the values of a sport, its very roots. The hero should get his rewards, like Arnold Palmer. That adds to the romance of a sport. But what about the million-dollar bonus babies who get the rewards before doing any real battle and steal away with it all, and not a noble blow struck by them?

How quickly can a sport devalue itself? The National Football League divided its 16 teams into four divisions last year. Perhaps that was a smart move for geographic and other reasons. But it had a touch of the old sales talk to me. Four champions, all winners, make more hay. It devalues the meaning of the word "champion."

Perhaps it is time for a full investigation of the whole area of sport and television. Both sport and television are reaping big financial harvests now, but unless some care is taken these harvests could become the grapes of wrath for the future of sport. Those are some of the feelings I inherited after a season as an American TV commentator. **END**

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The U.S. Open returns next week to Rochester's lovely Oak Hill—not to be confused with Oakmont or Oakland Hills—where in 1956 Dr. Cary Middlecoff won what has come to be known as "the Rhubarb Open"

BACK TO BALTUS OAK

BY DAN JENKINS

The United States Golf Association's annual shrub-judging and weed-stomping contest, more commonly known as the U.S. Open, will be renewed for the 68th time next week at another of those historic old country clubs—Baltus Oak, or something like that—and it will disappoint a great many of us if the Open's usual array of stars, or their counterparts, are not among the fungus and fern of the setting. You know the gang. Bob Gajda, Lee Mackey, Bobby Brue, Rives McBee, Les Kennedy, Al Broseh, all of those fellows who either lead the first round or shoot a course record in the second and then return to their club jobs back in Willoughby, Ohio. You can't take the unknowns out of the Open any more than you can take the oak out of the USGA.

Actually, the course is Oak Hill this time, a fine layout in Rochester, N.Y. that hosted the Open once before, in 1956, but it is not to be confused with Oakland Hills near Detroit or Oakmont near Pittsburgh, a couple of exalted venues that have combined to stage eight Opens in the past. Oak Hill will nevertheless require the usual USGA quota of Mackeys and Brues and Gajdas to fill out the field of 150 persevering souls who must struggle with the botanical wonders that every Open layout presents. The unknowns rarely win, of course. In fact, nobody ever really wins an Open, except possibly Jack Nicklaus (*see cover*). Normally, the champion turns out to be the man who has lost it more discreetly than the others.

Precisely because of all this, and much more, the Open has developed a special kind of personality among tournaments. The mere setting of the Open is enough to overwhelm the unsuspecting. The course gets dressed up to resemble the Argonne Forest, and these old courses nearly always have a clubhouse that looks as if Wuthering Heights has been nailed onto the side of Jay Gatsby's cottage in West Egg. And wandering all over the premises will be scores of aristocratic gentlemen in striped ties, button-down shirts and blue blazers pointing out drop areas. If you scooped up a Southampton lawn party, put it on a Scottish moor and ran up a flag, you, too, could hold an Open.

The thing that makes the Open work, however, is that for all of its crusty tradition, imposed dignity, and calf-high rough it remains the biggest, most important championship in golf. The Masters comes close, right to the lip of the cup, but the British Open and the PGA, the other tournaments comprising the game's Big Four, are not really in the same bag. The Open is the title that stays with a man longer than any other, like forever, and this aspect of it has caused as many mis-hit shots as the prize money. Record books can do that. The Open is simply the Kentucky Derby, the Indy 500 and the Rose Bowl of its sport, and so it is only natural that it has often been a sort of combined twilight zone and laugh-in.

Just look back at some of the more obvious moments for proof. There was a limping Ben Hogan winning four times on the monsters of Oakland Hills, Oakmont, Merion Oaks and Riviera Oaks. Over the same period there was a robust Sam Snead *never* winning. There was Ken Venturi, back from the forgotten, surviving the heat of Congressional. There was Julius Boros, his game unfit for the elements, surviving the storm winds of Brookline. There was Billy Casper, trying only to be second, surviving Arnold Palmer at Olympic. And then there was that "Open coma" group, the unsaliva-tested Sam Parks, Tony Manero and Jack Fleck, three winners who succeeded in making the headlines read like garbled type.

Understandably enough, the sports fan is jolted year after year by the tournament's quaint surprises. This is mainly because he is more familiar with the history of Joe Namath's knee than he is with that of the USGA. All he knows about any Open course is that it's tougher than the one he loses his Maxflis on every Saturday, but, heck, he figures Arnold Palmer can handle it easily enough. So if the baseball game isn't too interesting on this particular Sunday afternoon every June, he tunes in on the Open to see how many old Arnie will win by this time. And then comes the shock. Either Casper, Boros or Nicklaus, who

continued

have won five of the last nine, will come wading through a gangsome of Monty Kasers to do it again.

Meanwhile there is a slightly more knowledgeable observer who has learned to accept the mischief of the Open as willingly as he accepts heel prints in all of the bunkers at his club. And he would not be stunned at all if the drama of Oak Hill next week unfolded in the manner of the following news bulletins, which have been only faintly exaggerated:

WARMUP

ROCHESTER, N.Y., June 12—A glittering field on the eve of the 68th U.S. Open agreed today that there is so much exotic plant life bordering the fairways of Oak Hill that only a malnourished hippie could walk down the middle of them without snagging his britches.

Gardner Dickinson, chairman of the PGA Tournament Committee, said he was withdrawing because he had never learned how to hit golf shots out of asparagus.

"If this kind of thing doesn't stop, we might not have a spot on the tour for the USGA next year," Dickinson said. "The sponsors may have the tents, but we've got the dog acts."

ROUND ONE

ROCHESTER, N.Y., June 13—Jesse Ray Rives, an unheralded driving-range pro from Logging, Utah, grabbed the opening-round lead in the U.S. Open here today with an even-par 70. Rives birdied the first nine holes, shooting a record 26 and, although he bogeyed the entire back side for a 44, he had a total of only six putts, tying another record set by Bob Rosburg.

"I'd feel a lot better about my chances if I wasn't so lonely back here in the East," Rives said. "I wish my mama and my pet bobcat was here."

ROUND TWO

ROCHESTER, N.Y., June 14—Eric (Bo) Mackey, an obscure pro at a putt-putt course in Clump, Calif., seized the halfway lead in the U.S. Open tonight when he added a 65 to his first-round 81 for a total of 146, only six over par on the Oak Hill course.

Having teed off at 5:14 a.m., Mackey was one of the day's early finishers at 4:30 in the afternoon. Sweating out his lead in the clubhouse, he had some anxious moments until shortly before midnight, when Jack Nicklaus came in.

First-round leader Jesse Ray Rives failed to make the cut, largely because a lurking animal—believed by some to be a bobcat—swallowed his ball on the 16th green.

Mackey confessed that he had received a lot of help in molding his game. He specifically singled out Cyril Walker, Olin Dutra, Ralph Guldahl, Billy Burke, Lawrence Auchterlonie, Jimmy Barnes, Willie MacFarlane, Tom Morris, Alex Smith, John J. McDermott and Charley Coody.

ROUND THREE

ROCHESTER, N.Y., June 15—Billy Clyde Riddle, an assistant pro from Wee Briar, Conn., playing in his first golf tournament, tied for the 54-hole lead in the U.S. Open today with four amateurs, all from the University of Houston. Their score was 223, only 13 over par on historic old Oak Hill. Best known of the Houston collegians was Rex Zark, who has been the Western, Southern, North-South, Trans-Miss, Broadmoor, British and Idaho State amateur champion every year since the age of 9.

None of the leaders could afford to rest easily, however, for only 16 strokes off the pace, poised to make one of his patented finishes, was Arnold Palmer.

The tournament was further struck with misfortune when midway leader Eric (Bo) Mackey, the putt-putt pro, was disqualified for deliberately banking a shot off an ABC-TV equipment truck, injuring Producer Malcolm L. Hemion.

ROUND FOUR

ROCHESTER, N.Y., June 16—With the coveted U.S. Open championship all but sewed up, Arnold Palmer caught his backswing in a flowering banyan today on Oak Hill's 71st hole and had to be rescued by a demolition team from the Corps of Engineers. Palmer's accident enabled Billy Casper to make up seven strokes on the final two holes and capture his third Open.

Sam Snead, who mailed in his scores, was again runner-up.

None of the third-round leaders managed to finish. Billy Clyde Riddle, tormented at the sight of his first gallery, made a 21 on the third hole and left to join the Army. The entire Houston team, including Rex Zark, quit after nine holes and departed for the NCAA tournament in order to squeeze in an extra day's practice.

Casper said he felt sorry for Palmer but that he knew all along he would win if he could avoid food poisoning.

Strangely, this imaginary Open was hardly any more weird than the one at Oak Hill in 1956. It was a tournament struck by more controversies than the USGA has seen since it tried to design its coats and ties. It was not only a championship labeled "the Rhubarb Open," it was the last one played in which a man sat in the clubhouse and won. This is what Cary Middlecoff was obliged to do as first Ben Hogan, then Julius Boros and then Ted Kroll all came down to the last few holes with splendid opportunities to beat or tie him and, one by one, collapsed. It was at Oak Hill, also, that Hogan, for the first noticeable time, hovered too long over a crucial putt and finally yipped it. In the end, Middlecoff won even though he had taken two 7s during the tournament—a double bogey and a triple bogey.

An indication that the 1956 Open might not be the smoothest tournament staged came on Wednesday, the day before play began, when defending champion Jack Fleck, co-favorite Sam Snead and Roberto De Vicenzo all had their caddies taken from them because of irregularities uncovered in the caddie assignment department. Roberto hadn't signed anything wrong—there simply had been some switching around without proper approval. Then, in the first round, the rules got a workout that made this year's Masters look like a singsong at P.S. 6.

First, Walker Inman Jr., a good player of the era, showed up 11 minutes late for his 9:04 a.m. pairing, even though he had been on the grounds since 8:30. But instead of disqualification, which the rules called for, Inman was given a two-stroke penalty and permitted to tee off last and play alone with a scorekeeper. This set a precedent for the long, loony day. Later on Doug Ford, who was the PGA champion at the moment, scooped a short iron and thought he saw the ball splash into a creek on the 10th hole. He dropped a provisional ball over his shoulder but, as he did, his gallery informed him that his original had skipped into some high grass across the creek. Good. Ford played the original but, alas, under the rules he should have been disqualified because he had put a second ball into play

and had not finished the hole with it. Instead, he was given a two-stroke penalty.

Now came Jack Burke, who had won the Masters earlier in the spring. Burke shot a 76, which outraged him and, as he walked away from the last green, he hastily approved a score of 75 on his card. When he saw it posted on the board Burke scurried to the officials and pointed up the error. He, too, was let off with a two-stroke penalty instead of disqualification. "They said I acted like a gentleman, so they bent the rule," Burke says, smiling.

So, over a span of 24 hours, Oak Hill had produced a controversy involving the Open champion, Fleck, the PGA champion, Ford, and the Masters champion, Burke. The next day the current British Open champion, Peter Thomson, would forge into the lead, thus making it a Grand Slam, publicitywise. Back on that first day, however, came the stickiest incident of them all.

It occurred on the 17th green, where Englishman Henry Cotton was paired with Middlecoff and Jimmy Demaret. Cotton had a short putt for a bogey 5, and he reached over and raked at it, as golfers will. The ball was sort of dragged into the cup. "What would you say he made?" Demaret asked Middlecoff. "Oh, 6 or 7," Cary said. Cotton said 5. Well, Middlecoff and Demaret, risking international embarrassment, refused to approve his card when the round was finished. "We'll settle for a 6, they told Cotton, but the Briton insisted he had made 5. Cotton then said to the press, "I say I didn't have a go at it, but the other two chaps say I did." And Demaret said: "He had a go at it. I'd guess he had two or three goes at it." Once more the USGA relented. Cotton was allowed a 5.

Ultimately, everyone's attention was directed to a very exciting Open, especially to the last hour on Saturday—there was still Open Saturday then, the final 36 holes in one day. Ben Hogan still had five holes to play when Middlecoff reached the clubhouse and hung up his score of 281. Ben needed one birdie and the rest pars to tie. He got the birdie at 14 with a wedge shot and a three-foot putt. Now another birdie and three pars would win that much discussed fifth Open. A 20-footer barely missed at 15. A shorter one practically went in and came out on 16. Then at the long 17th, needing to drop a 30-incher for his par, Hogan stood up to the ball, froze, looked and, suddenly, backed away. Just as suddenly it occurred to millions on television and thousands at Oak Hill that Ben was, after all, human. Also that he was 43. And nerves go eventually, don't they? Hogan missed that putt, and he would never come so close to winning the Open again.

Next came Boros. Julius needed a birdie over the last four holes to tie, and he had chances of nine feet, 20 feet and, on the last green, 15 feet, but none fell, the final one actually peeking into the cup and spinning out as Boros, characteristically, chewed on a blade of grass and shrugged.

Finally, there was poor Ted Kroll. He wanted only even par over the last four holes to win. But as soon as the news reached him Kroll hit over the 15th and made a bogey, and then, as so many Open contenders have before, he fell apart. He put his second under an evergreen at the 16th and had to get down on his knees and probe at the ball with the nub of his two-iron to salvage a 7. It was all over. Middlecoff had won, but the big winner had been the closing stretch of holes at Oak Hill, as well it might be this year (*page 59*).

In assessing any Open field, there are always three basic categories in which to deal. First, there are those active players who have won the Open and are still capable. "They been there," the pros enjoy saying. In this case they are Nicklaus, Casper and Boros, the two-time champions, and Palmer, Gary Player, Gene Littler and Ken Venturi. It was Rochester's own Walter Hagen who once said, "Anybody can win one Open [and the record book certainly bears him out] but the man who can win again is quite a golfer indeed." Thus, assuming Boros may at last be too old at 48, it comes down to Nicklaus and Casper as the two most formidable players at Oak Hill.

Not only has Casper gone over the $100,000 line earlier in the season than anyone ever, he has won three tournaments on the tour—more than anyone. And from January through May he finished no worse than 17th in 10 of the 11 tournaments he entered. People tend to forget that Casper has won more money and more tournaments than any player other than Palmer over these last 10 years, and, moreover, that he hits excellent shots all through the irons, is a repetitiously straight driver and a brilliant putter. "Casper is by far the finest player we have," Frank Beard has said, "but nobody believes it."

Nicklaus has no victories going for him this year, but then Nicklaus does not necessarily need any. Up to Baltusrol last June, Jack had looked no better. He had won only once, and he had even missed the cut at the Masters. So all he did was rap out a 275 and win by four strokes. Nicklaus is an Open player, to put it simply. He has finished no worse than fourth in five of the eight he has appeared in, and if his drives are findable he might just five-iron and seven-iron those closing holes at Oak Hill into oblivion. So much for the Big Two.

Palmer and Player, of course, are serious contenders anywhere, but each has become something rather special recently, Arnold physically and Gary, one hears, financially. Palmer, who finished seventh at Oak Hill in 1956, has a sore hip. At least he did. When he begged off the tour for three tournaments during May, a lot of his admirers immediately pictured him in traction with internationally famous physicians being flown in every hour. He did receive a shot of cortisone, but that was way back before Dallas, where he finished sixth, incidentally. It was only partly the hip that sent Arnold home. He was just tired. Men nearing 40 tend to get tired, and they also tend to get sore hips. Palmer was not bedridden as it turned out. In fact, he attended to some business, like looking in on the course he is designing at Indian Lake, Pa., like taking and passing the written part of his instrument flight test, and like playing golf and entertaining—for fees—various groups of business executives. Palmer figures to be fine at Oak Hill, richer and rested.

Player is more of a mystery. He has played superbly all year long, but he hasn't won. Also, for an athlete of enormous competitive resources, his play has sometimes been spotted by dreadful, inconsistent fourth rounds when he was right up in the pack. The reason could be mental.

continued

In South Africa, Player is up to his crew-cut in ranches, animals and real estate, and in America he is getting down to his shoe laces in expiring contracts. He therefore seems to be reaching the edge of *something* after three winless years in the U.S. He is either about to win because he must, or he is making it impossible to win because he's trying too hard.

There are two other groups in which an Open winner may be found. There are those players who have taken other major titles, thus proving they can withstand the pressure of a big one. This group includes PGA champions Don January, Al Geiberger, Dave Marr and Bobby Nichols, Masters champions Bob Goalby and Gay Brewer; and British Open champions Roberto De Vicenzo, Peter Thomson, Kel Nagle and Bob Charles. And last is that collection of notably fine shotmakers who have somehow managed not to grab a major cup but have proved they can win *somewhere* on the tour. These are players such as Doug Sanders, Gardner Dickinson, Dan Sikes, Mason Rudolph, Bert Yancey, Frank Beard, Tom Weiskopf, George Archer, Bruce Devlin, Johnny Pott, Dick Sikes, Dave Stockton, Kermit Zarley, Charley Coody, Don Massengale and Miller Barber.

If the new champion is not included in all these, from Casper to Barber, well, one can always hope to be lucky enough to draw Jesse Ray Rives in the office pool.

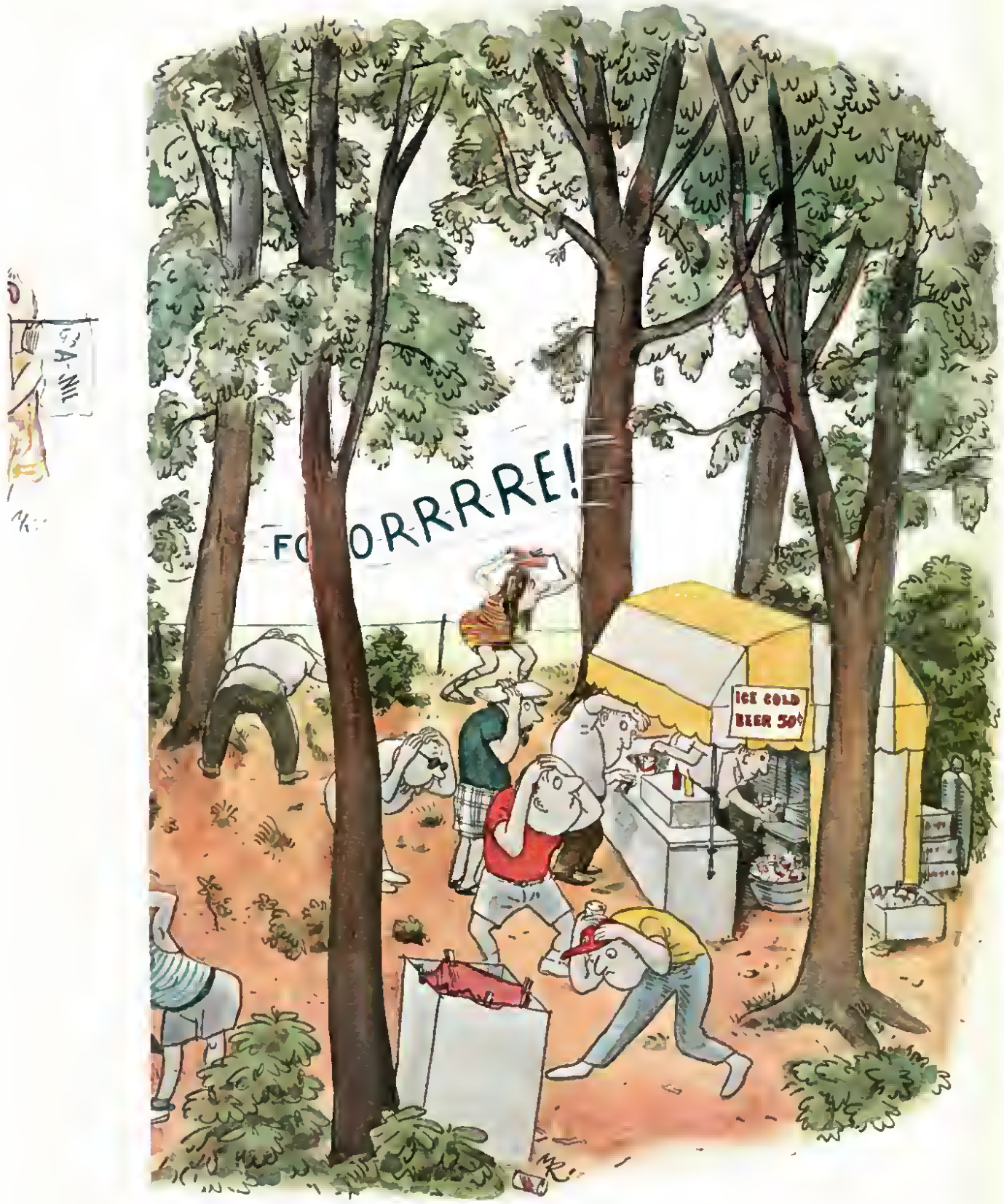
WATCHING THE WATCHERS

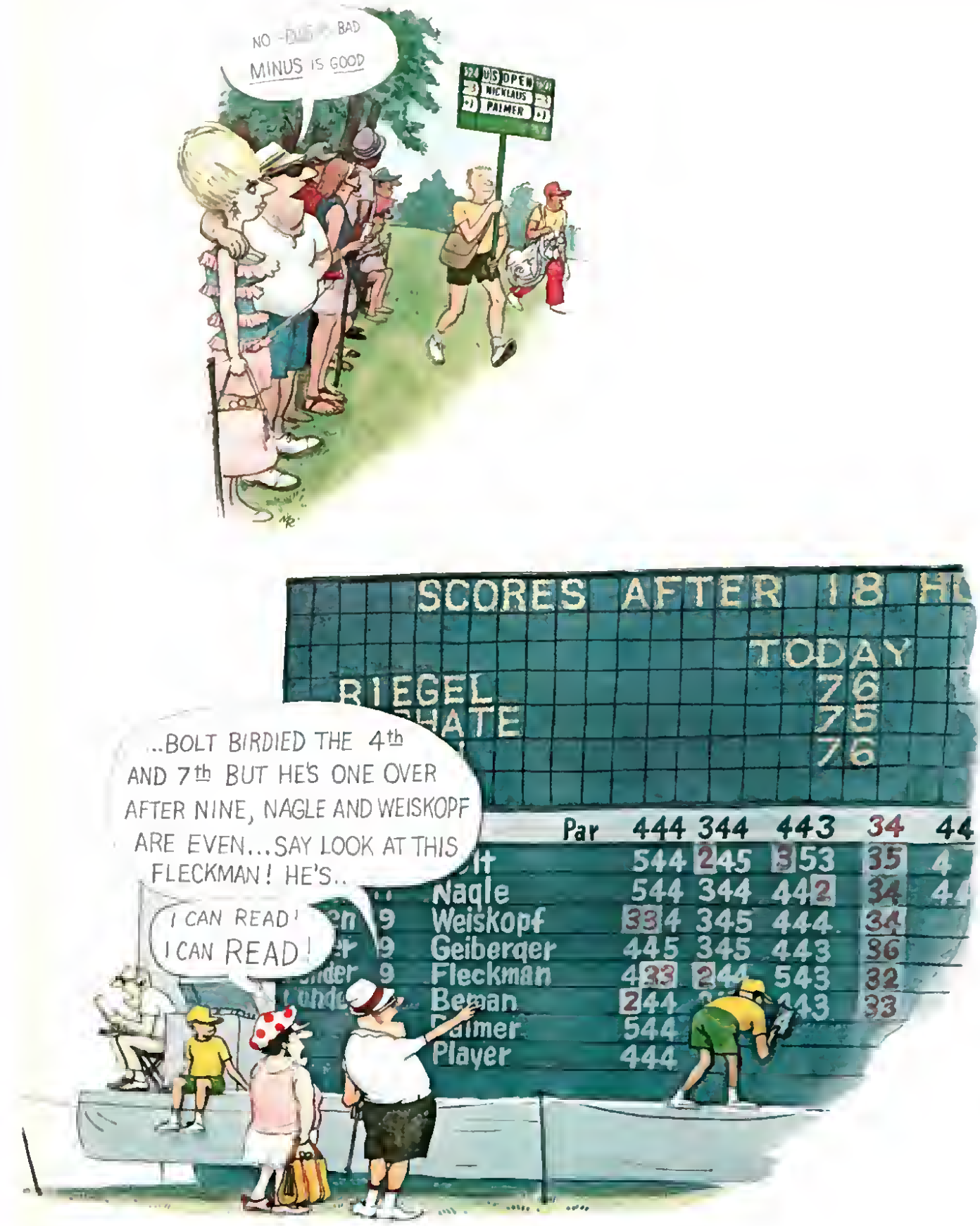
At any Open, the spectators are often as much fun to watch as the players—and a lot easier to spot. There are all kinds of characters in a golfing gallery, and on the following four pages Artist Mike Ramus presents a typical assortment. Observe, for instance, the early bird. With his folding chair, thermos of coffee and morning sports section he has arrived at his vantage point by the 16th green, even though the first group of players will not tee off for another three hours. He will remain there doggedly throughout the long day, leaving only when the last putt on 16 has dropped. Then there is the know-it-all with the town-crier complex. "Casper just birdied six," he'll announce to anyone who happens to be within 10 feet of him. The town crier also hangs out around the main scoreboard, full of shrewd observations such as, "Notice how much trouble 14 is giving them today. It's the crosswind." Sprinkled about the course are disillusioned ladies who thought they were being invited to a flower show and who wonder what kind of club the golfers use to break par with. And there are always those spectators who are present not so much to watch golf as to follow two golfers—Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. No need to check the scoreboard to see how Arnie and Jack are doing. Just listen.




...SIX
IRON...


EEAAOOWWRRGHAOO o !!!
ARNIE CHARGE!


FO ORRRRE!
ICE COLD
BEER 50¢


NO - BAD
MINUS IS GOOD
$24 US OPEN $40
NICKLAUS
PALMER
SCORES AFTER 18 HO
TODAY
RIEGEL 76
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Par 444 344 443 34 44
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Palmer 544
Player 444
..BOLT BIRDIED THE 4th AND 7th BUT HE'S ONE OVER AFTER NINE, NAGLE AND WEISKOPF ARE EVEN...SAY LOOK AT THIS FLECKMAN! HE'S..
I CAN READ! I CAN READ!

SURVIVAL WILL BE THE OBJECT

BY JACK NICKLAUS

Whenever I play a preview round on a U.S. Open golf course, I always search for trademarks of Joe Dey and the USGA. I never have to look hard. Sure enough, when I saw Oak Hill's East Course the other day the signs of the Open were all around in living green and white. Like all Open courses, Oak Hill is long (6,962 yards), with severe driving areas on many holes. There are enough sand traps to build a desert, all of them placed exactly where they should be. As for the rough, well, you know the USGA. The rough is thick, wiry and long, plus everything unprintable that has ever been said about U.S. Open rough. Oak Hill will present us with problems next week, but it is a good course, one that is extremely fair.

The course's topography offers a distinct advantage to the golfer who can consistently hit high approach shots to the green, since 10 of the 18 greens are elevated to some degree. Reaching them will require approach shots with a high trajectory—shots that will drop onto the green and stay there. Any approach hit too low onto the fast, slick, bent-grass greens may skip away and come to rest in the men's locker room.

The bent-grass putting surfaces at Oak Hill will present a challenge to most of the players, since practically all of the courses on the spring PGA tour have Bermuda grass. For instance, I have not played a tournament course with bent-grass greens in three months. The difference between bent and Bermuda is this: bent grass is always fast, the line true, and when the putt dies it rolls along on the same straight line. Bermuda is a slower and grainier surface, and when the ball dies it rolls off in the direction of the grain. Most golfers prefer bent grass. I certainly do. I am basically a "die" putter—not a charge putter, as you must be on Bermuda. I like to pop my putts at the hole and not worry that they will somehow stray off the intended line as they die. I grew up on a golf course (Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio) that has superb bent-grass greens. Baltusrol (Springfield, N.J.) also has bent-grass greens and, as you may remember, I putted extremely well there last year in the Open.

Still, writing about a golf course and playing it are two completely opposite problems, as I already have learned. No golf course, especially a U.S. Open course that the USGA has been priming for a year or more, ever plays easy. And Oak Hill's par-70 East Course will be a thoroughly treacherous test of golf for four days next week.

The course was constructed by Donald Ross (who also designed the original course at Scioto) in 1926. Its 18 holes blend the so-called modern-school ideas of golf architecture with the theories advanced by the old purists. Most new courses offer extremely large greens, wide driving areas and bunkers placed more for design than hazard. Oak Hill has a number of large putting surfaces as well as several minigreens, such as at the third hole, where the green is only 60 feet deep and where the cup probably never will be more than 20 feet from the center of the green.

However, Oak Hill also has all the subtle intricacies you never find on a modern golf course. For instance, the sand-trap bunkers—all 88 of them—have been placed strategically for two reasons. 1) to help the golfer set up his shot, and 2) to catch any errant shot. The sand at Oak Hill, by the way, is silicone, a glassy, white substance that beautifies the course. Balls tend to imbed deeply in silicone, and to get them out of the trap will require good blasts—not just little flicks of the wrist. Indeed, I'll bet the man who wins this year's Open is a superb sand player.

Like most Open courses, the driving areas at Oak Hill will be fairly tight, although there is perhaps more room, rough included, than there was in 1956 when Cary Middlecoff won the Open there. The course then was populated by hundreds of elm trees that swallowed almost every ball that rolled off the fairway. Dutch elm disease has killed many of these trees in recent years, and they should not be a factor in this Open.

There are many well-placed willow trees on the course, though, and they will deflect misdirected shots into the deep rough or the creek that winds through eight different holes. One large, sagging willow stands short and to the left of the first green. Any golfer who hits his drive too far left on this par-4, 445-yard hole will be confronted with an almost impossible second shot to the green.

Oak Hill is a well-balanced course. It has a great set of par-3 holes, two contrasting par-5s and nine long par-4 holes—all designed to exact precision and expertise from the golfers. And each nine finishes with a difficult stretch of four holes over which the 1968 championship will be decided.

I have always believed that a par-3 hole should not be so long that you have to hit wood off the tee. At Oak Hill, we will be able to hit irons on all of them. On the 208-yard third hole, most of the players will be hitting two- and three-irons to the smallest green on the course. This green originally was built to hold a six- or seven-iron shot, but the hole was lengthened for the 1956 Open. Because of the bunkers in front, I suspect that many players will hit over the green and have to play a delicate approach from thick, wiry rough—almost an impossibility.

The 180-yard 5th is a new hole, opened for play only last September. The green is much too large for the five- or six-iron tee shot. The 192-yard 11th hole, on the other hand, is a solid par-3. There is a wide trap yawning at the golfer from the back of the green, and when the pin is placed in back the bunker will catch many of the three- and four-iron tee shots. The 163-yard 15th, which I will discuss later, will be a key hole in the tournament.

The two par-5 holes present different situations. The 571-yard 4th hole, known as the High and the Mighty, is a dogleg to the right that can be reached with the second shot. The normal wind will help the tee shot around the corner. This hole will produce a lot of birdies. No one,

continued

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KEY HOLES AT OAK HILL

Caution should be a primary concern on the last four holes of the front nine. All of them are long par fours, congested with water and sand and trees and treacherously thick U.S. Open rough. Each hole demands an accurate tee shot, then an approach over disaster areas that will swallow any ball hit without total precision. At the 6th I plan to drive left to avoid the willow trees and the creek along the right. The long approach over the creek that snakes 40 yards in front of the green may be impossible if my tee shot strays off the fairway. The 7th and 8th holes offer wider driving areas but tricky middle-iron second shots to uphill greens. The 9th hole penalizes greedy golfers. It is a dogleg to the right, with either out of bounds or practically unplayable lies in that direction. I will hit my three-wood safely down the left, then a five- or six-iron to still another uphill green surrounded by trouble. I would settle right now for even par on these four holes during the tournament.

however, will reach the 602-yard 13th hole, called the Hill of Fame, in two, and many players will be hitting six- and seven-irons to reach the green in three. There is a creek about 300 yards out from the tee, and it will penalize anyone who gets too greedy with his tee shot. There is a big hill of deep rough to the right that will catch anyone who is slightly off line with his second shot. And there are six silicone sand traps around the green that will catch poor third shots. The popular way to play this hole will be to hit maybe a three-wood off the tee, play a one-iron up into the fairway left of the hill and then hit onto the green with maybe a seven-iron. The birdies will come on this hole, but so will the 6s and 7s. The top 15 players in the 1956 Open at Oak Hill played this 13th hole in an average of 5.17 strokes, which shows how difficult the hole is.

The Open, though, will be won—or lost—over two stretches of four holes, the final four holes on each nine. There is not a legitimate birdie hole among the eight. The 440-yard 6th hole is appropriately called Double Trouble. A series of willow trees and the creek guard the right side of the fairway, and anyone who hits his tee shot in that area will have to play safe with his second shot. The tee shot must be hit to the left, but if it goes too far left it will land in the thick rough. This will make it extremely difficult for the player to carry the water 40 yards in front of the green and get the ball onto the two-level green that also is uphill from the driving area. There may be even Triple Trouble at the sixth.

The 443-yard 7th is easier than the 6th. There is water to the right again and, although it really is not in play, some of the golfers will find it. The second shot may have to be hit off a downhill-sidehill lie to an uphill green—an imposing problem.

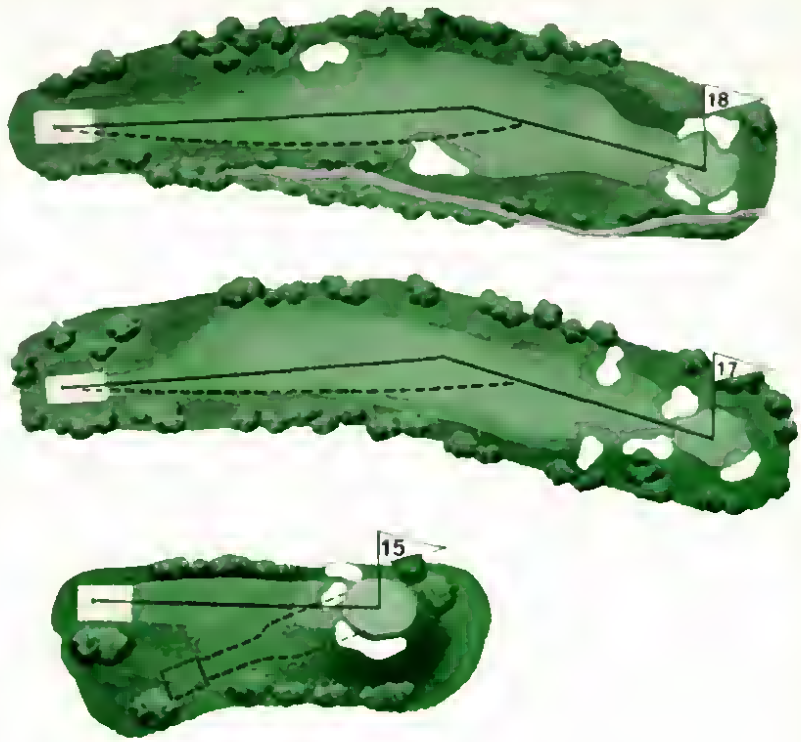
The 432-yard 8th has a fairly generous driving area, although there are bunkers alongside both edges of the fairway that will catch some tee shots. Again the green is slightly uphill, surrounded by four traps, and unless you hit your five-, six- or seven-iron approach accurately, you probably will be using a sand wedge instead of a putter for your third shot.

The 416-yard 9th hole is a dogleg uphill to the right, with an out-of-bounds in the same direction. I intend to hit a three-wood off this tee, keeping the ball left, and then a five- or six-iron to a big green that is blanketed by traps in front. Some players probably will attempt to cut the corner of the dogleg by hitting a driver off the tee. Fine. Let them. If they stray just the slightest bit they will be either out-of-bounds or stone-cold dead, playing a safety chip back into the fairway. Survival will be the key on these four holes.

The final four holes on the back side are just as difficult, perhaps even more so because, after all, they will be *the* last holes of the tournament.

The 163-yard, par-3 15th hole has a new tee for the 1968 Open. In 1956 the tee was at the bottom of a hill, and the tee shot was mostly blind. Still, the top 15 players averaged 2.80 strokes on the hole, slightly under par. Now the tee is at the left, about on the same level as the green. Trees line the entire left side

Oak Hill's closing holes are among its most demanding. Trouble surrounds the par-three 15th. In the 1956 Open this was a blind hole, played from a tee (*right, bottom*) no longer in use. Now we must hit from the left, on a level with the green. The area along the tree-lined left side is out of bounds, a deep trap lies below the right edge of the green and a gully below that trap. The six-iron tee shot must be hit onto the green—or else. Both the 17th and 18th holes provide interesting alternatives. They can be played with a safe down-the-middle drive and a long second shot, or they can be played with some risk in hopes of a shorter approach. Rather than take the long route, I intend to take the shortcuts (*dotted lines*). On 17 I will hit over the corner of the rough and back into the fairway—but hopefully not through it and on into the far rough. On 18 I will direct my tee shot over part of the sand trap. If I am successful, I may be in position for a much needed birdie.



DRAWINGS BY DAN TODD

of the hole, and any ball hit five yards left of the green will be out-of-bounds. The green also drops off sharply on the right, with a trap there to prevent balls from falling even deeper into a gully. Any ball hit over the green also is in trouble. Since the previous hole, the 327-yard 14th, is perhaps the easiest birdie hole on the course, the par-3 15th will be crucial. It must be handled delicately. Most players will hit maybe a six-iron, keeping the ball right but not too right. There will be a lot of birdies made on this hole, but there also will be a lot of 5s. It would not surprise me to see someone gain—or lose—three strokes to an opponent on the 15th during the critical final round.

The 441-yard 16th hole is a long, uninteresting straightaway, with a fairway that slopes from right to left and one of the biggest greens on the course. You must make par 4 here—or else.

The last two holes at Oak Hill offer a distinct advantage to the golfer who can pinpoint his tee shot and hit it a prodigious distance. The 463-yard 17th, a slight dogleg to the right, is normally a par 5 for club members; it will play as a 4 next week. The tee shot is extremely difficult. I will attempt to drive over the corner of the rough at the top of the hill on the right side. However, I could drive the ball over the right rough, through the fairway and then into the left rough. In other words, the driving area is severe. If you hit the ball left off the tee on this slightly doglegged hole, well, you can forget about reaching the green in two. The green is quite large, with a grain that runs straight back. A good drive will set up a four- to seven-iron second shot. Again a par 4 is a must.

The 18th hole—449 yards and also with a slight dogleg to the right—has another subtlety that I like: one large bunker well up in the right rough that sets up the second shot. Ideally I should hit my drive over the left corner of this bunker and let it roll down into the fairway. However, depending upon the wind, I could bite off even more of the trap and have perhaps a shorter second shot—or end up in the rough. Also, the fairway slopes downhill out past the bunker, and it may not be advisable to hit a downhill shot to an uphill 18th green. Actually, it all is very complicated—the way a finishing hole should be. If I drive where I want, I should be able to hit about a six- or seven-iron to the green. There are three traps around the green and a steep grass bank runs all the way across the fairway 30 yards from the green. All this makes the 18th a great finishing hole for the Open.

That, then, is Oak Hill. As I said at the beginning, it favors a particular type of golfer. Of course, that golfer will have to drive the ball straight. My driving? Well, believe it or not, I have been driving better this year than I did last year. I broke my favorite driver about 2½ years ago, and then I began to experiment with other drivers. I have used 40 or 50 different drivers the past two years, none with any continued success. So earlier this season I finally had my old driver fixed, and it worked perfectly for me again. Then, playing Oak Hill to write this story, I cracked that old driver right in the same place. I just hope it will be ready and working next week. **END**

PEOPLE



◆

Little **Matthew Kennedy**, 3, has an inconvenient allergy, considering the interests of his particular family. He reacts to horses. After riding, his brothers and sisters must shower and change before they enter the house so as not to aggravate Matthew's condition and, who knows, perhaps it is the real reason why Daddy **Bobby** finally had his hair cut.

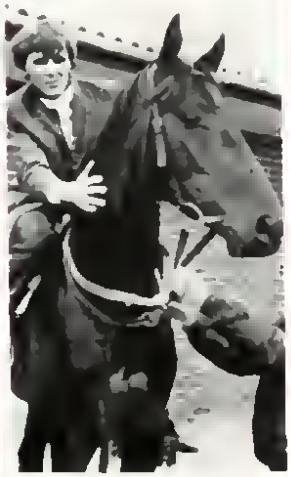
◆ A Bible-study group has evolved on the pro golf tour, and one of its earnest members is South Africa's **Gary Player**. Player recently arranged for **Dr. Billy Graham** to address the golfers, which he did with his customary vigor. A golfer of sorts himself, Dr. Graham couched his address in golfing terms and explained that the game "embraces five great lessons of life". proper stance, he says, because we must take a stand on what we believe in; next, proper grip —"Get a grip on life"; third, hitting the ball from inside out (Dr. Graham exhorts people to bring out the spirit). The fourth lesson is keeping one's eye on the ball, or looking unto Jesus ("Don't stray to pessimistic writers like Bertrand Russell") and finally there is the follow-through, which is equated with the necessity of following God's rules. Dr. Graham characterized Jesus Christ as "the greatest pro of all time." No doubt Dr. Graham's discourse did his hearers good and, as one official observed by telegraph, he hoped "that Dr. Graham gets closer to par and the rest of us get closer to heaven."

For seven years the VIPs had beaten the KSFO No-Stars in San Francisco's annual Celebrity Softball Game. The VIP team usually consists of newspaper columnists, civic officials and ex-athletes. The KSFO team traditionally comprises a bunch of disc jockeys. Seven years of defeat was apparently too much for the No-Stars, because this year they went out and got themselves some ringers—**George Mira, John Brodie, Steve Spurrier, Kermit Alexander,** the 49ers' new coach, **Dick Nolan** and the Warriors' **Jeff Mullins**. Pitching to this formidable assemblage for the VIPs was little **Bill Hartack**. He gave up hits to Brodie, Spurrier, Alexander and Mullins, and when Mira hit a homer the VIPs yanked him. The No-Stars took the game 14–3. It is one of those scores that should go into the books with an asterisk.

Another car-struck film star is making a racing movie. Racing buff **Paul Newman** is presently at work on a film to be called *Winning*, in which he plays a driver who loses a race and his wife to another driver (played by **Joanne Woodward** and **Robert Wagner**) but recoups by winning Indy and with it his Ping-Pong ball of a spouse. By way of research, Newman attended the preface drivers' meeting at the real Indy 500 last week, a meeting held as usual near the pits, which of course were equipped with 8,250 gallons of fuel. Newman lit a cigarette. If he doesn't shape up, Universal had better scrap the film or rename it *Losing*.

Every man should have a hobby, but not everyone would want **Ray Jacobs'**. The Dolphins' defensive tackle relaxes by going rattlesnake hunting. Jacobs took up the pastime back home in Corsicana, Texas, but he finds snakes enough around Miami, where he considers hunting more dangerous because of the high grass. "You can hear them, though," he says. "They'll send up a warning with the rattles when you're about 12 feet away. Then they'll coil up and get ready to strike. By that time you better know just where they are, because a big rattler can knock you down. It ain't a picnic."

◆ England's pop singer **Billy Fury** recently purchased a horse named First Rate Pirate, an animal distinguished by the odds against his winning the Derby at Epsom (2,000 to 1). Bookmakers were even accepting bets that he would finish last. Some truly fanciful members of the fancy bet First Rate Pirate to win, of course, and had lightning struck the entire rest of the field and allowed Pirate to come in first the bookmakers would have had to lay out more than $2.4 million. But the laws of probability held and the horse did finish last. Singer Fury will not disclose what he paid for First Rate Pirate beyond it having been "a great deal of money," but one can see why Billy took the chance. So many people in his line of work have succeeded against far greater odds.



While Paul Newman is racing in *Winning* and Burt Lancaster is swimming in *The Swimmer*, **Charlton Heston** is playing football with his 13-year-old son and USC coaches Craig Fertig and Marv Goux in preparation for the lead in something to be called *The Pro*. The 43-year-old Heston's own football career at Northwestern was, as he describes it, "spectacularly unremarkable. I had everything an end needed, except speed and good hands. I was strictly cannon fodder for the varsity, and coming to Northwestern when Otto Graham was there was a grievous tactical error." So what induced him to undertake the role? "The dimensions of a hero, internal as well as external, always make for fascinating material," he says. Heston's experiments with heroic dimension so far include Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Michelangelo, John the Baptist and Moses, but whether he can capture all the majesty of a professional football star remains to be seen. "I've been coached to the point where I have delusions of adequacy," he says.



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Killproof and maybe spillproof

She's not a winner yet, but the new 'Smirnoff' did well enough in Alabama to indicate that unlimited hydroplanes can be both fast and nonlethal

"Deadly" is a word that over the last three years has more and more frequently been used to describe the sport of hydroplane racing, and journalistic sensationalism has nothing to do with it. Over that period of time a rash of accidents involving the roaring thunderboats has killed five top drivers.

The first casualty was Ron Musson, who died as his *Miss Bardahl* nosed over in a whoosh of spray at the start of the President's Cup in Washington in 1966. Later in the same race Rex Manchester's *Notre Dame* flew free of the water, climbed skyward, then swooped down full tilt on Don Wilson's *Miss Budweiser*, killing both drivers. Two weeks later Chuck Thompson's boat, *Smirnoff*, killed him at Detroit. Then, in 1967, another *Miss Budweiser*, in the words of an eyewitness, "skipped into the air like a 7,000-pound flat stone" and hurled her driver, Bill Brow, to his death.

Last week, on the ruffled surface of a man-made TVA lake at Guntersville, Ala., another season of hydro racing began. It was marked not by further casualty but by the debut of an unlimited hydroplane specifically designed to avoid the suicidal weaknesses that destroyed the other boats.

The new *Smirnoff*, a boat with a bow like a pickle fork and a stern like an airplane, was designed and built by Gale Enterprises, which is just another way of saying the racing Schoenith family, of whom father Joe and his son Lee are the most notable. Lee has a particular interest in making thunderboat racing safer because he happens to be chairman of hydroplaning's Unlimited Racing Commission.

The Schoeniths, like all hydro men, knew all about the tendency of the standard wide-shouldered, spindly-tailed hydros to take off into uncontrolled flight at the slightest ripple. They also knew that what caused fatal accidents was not the first but the second leap into the air, the leap they call "the death dive" that sends a boat hurtling into the water nose first like an airplane in a spin. With only two square feet of hull in contact with the water at top speed, unlimiteds are, in fact, more airplane than boat, and the wonder is that no hydro

continued



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designers up to now ever treated them as such by thoroughly testing their designs in wind tunnels.

"They probably just never gave it much thought," says Lee Schoenith. Gale Enterprises did not make that mistake. Before building their boat, they gave all their ideas a vigorous wringing out in a wind tunnel made of plywood, a 7½-horsepower motor and the back rotor off a helicopter.

As first trial horse, Gale's Chief Engineer Dick Brantsner used a model of the Gale-built *Mr. Gypsy*. The tunnel quickly revealed a mass of drawbacks. The Schoeniths shaved a bit here, padded there, bent this, straightened that and accumulated some 60 pages of data that were run through a computer at General Motors. The data made it plain that many of the ideas previously held inviolate in hydroplane circles were dead wrong.

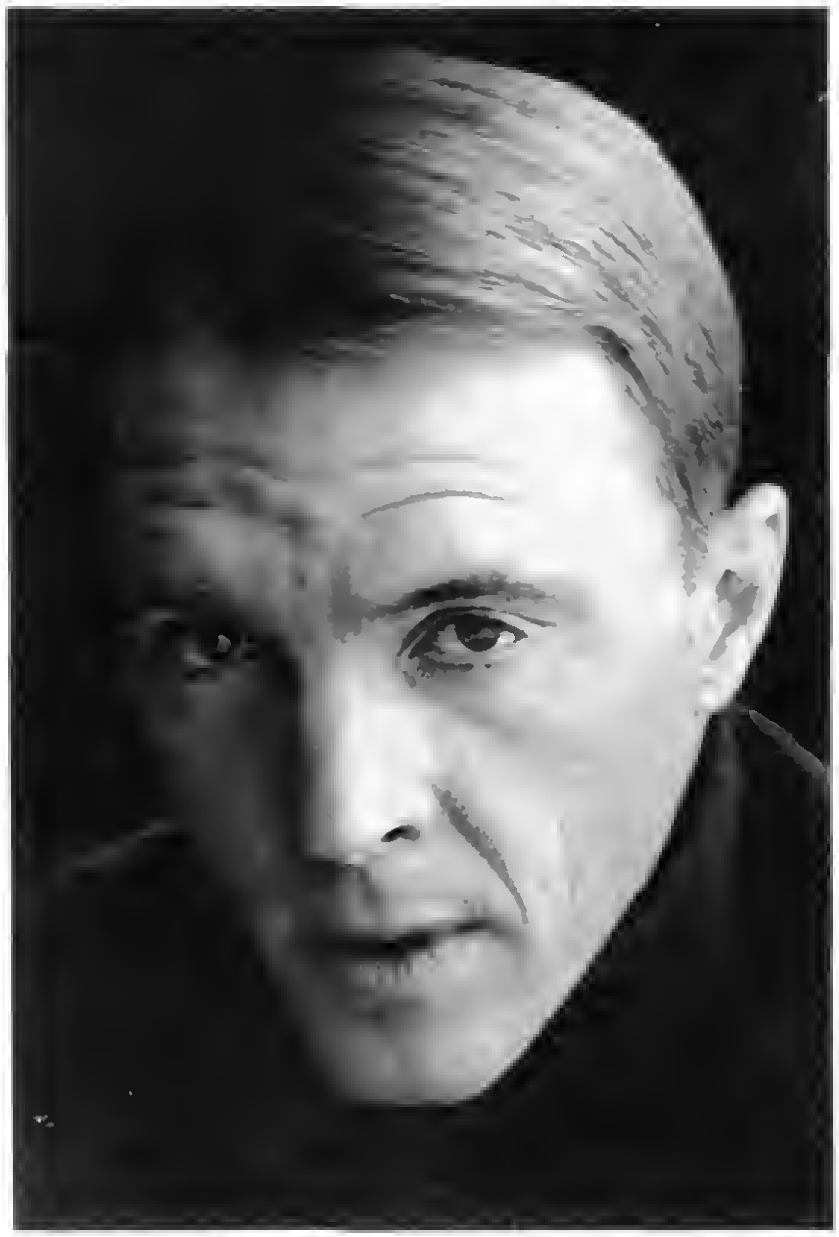
A wide bow and narrow stern once were thought to be a must for stability, but the tunnel data indicated that, by adding deck area at the back until it almost equaled the amount of deck area up forward, the death-diving tendency would be minimized.

Furthermore, the tunnel showed that by forking a pair of tails upward, in the same butterfly-wing effect as in a Bonanza airplane, the boat's horizontal and vertical stability were markedly improved.

But most telling of all the innovations suggested by the tests to make hydros safer was a system for releasing the air that is scooped up and trapped between the water and the boat's bottom. This pocketed turbulence can hurl a hydro into wild and unpredictable gyrations *that many drivers find impossible to control*. To the men of Gale, a system of ventilators running right through the hull seemed a likely answer. "We hoped they'd meter off a lot of the air caught underneath," explains Brantsner.

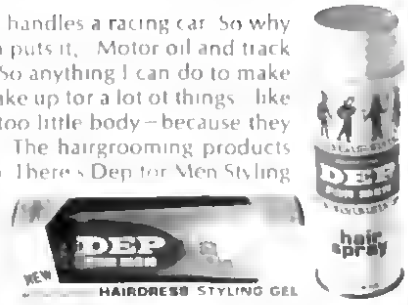
It's one thing to simulate 200 mph on a toy boat within the relatively safe confines of a wind tunnel. It's quite another to do the same trick with a real boat on real water. When at last Gale's model turned into the full-sized *Smirnoff*, the job of trying her out fell to Wild Bill Cantrell, who faced it seemingly unawed. He took the new boat around the three-mile Gold Cup course at low speed to warm her up, then came in for a sparkplug change. Next time out he

continued



Gurney just had his hair styled. You got something to say about it?

Gurney can handle himself as well as he handles a racing car. So why does he go the hairstyling route? As Dan puts it, "Motor oil and track dirt don't exactly improve a man's hair. So anything I can do to make up for it, I do." Fact is, hairstylists can make up for a lot of things, like a receding hairline or too much curl or too little body—because they "shape" your hair instead of just cut it. The hairgrooming products they use add to that neat styled look, too. There's Dep for Men Styling Gel for body, control and lustre. And Dep for Men Hair Spray for holding power that lasts all day. Are you sold on hairstyling and Dep for Men? Look around. 10 million other guys are!



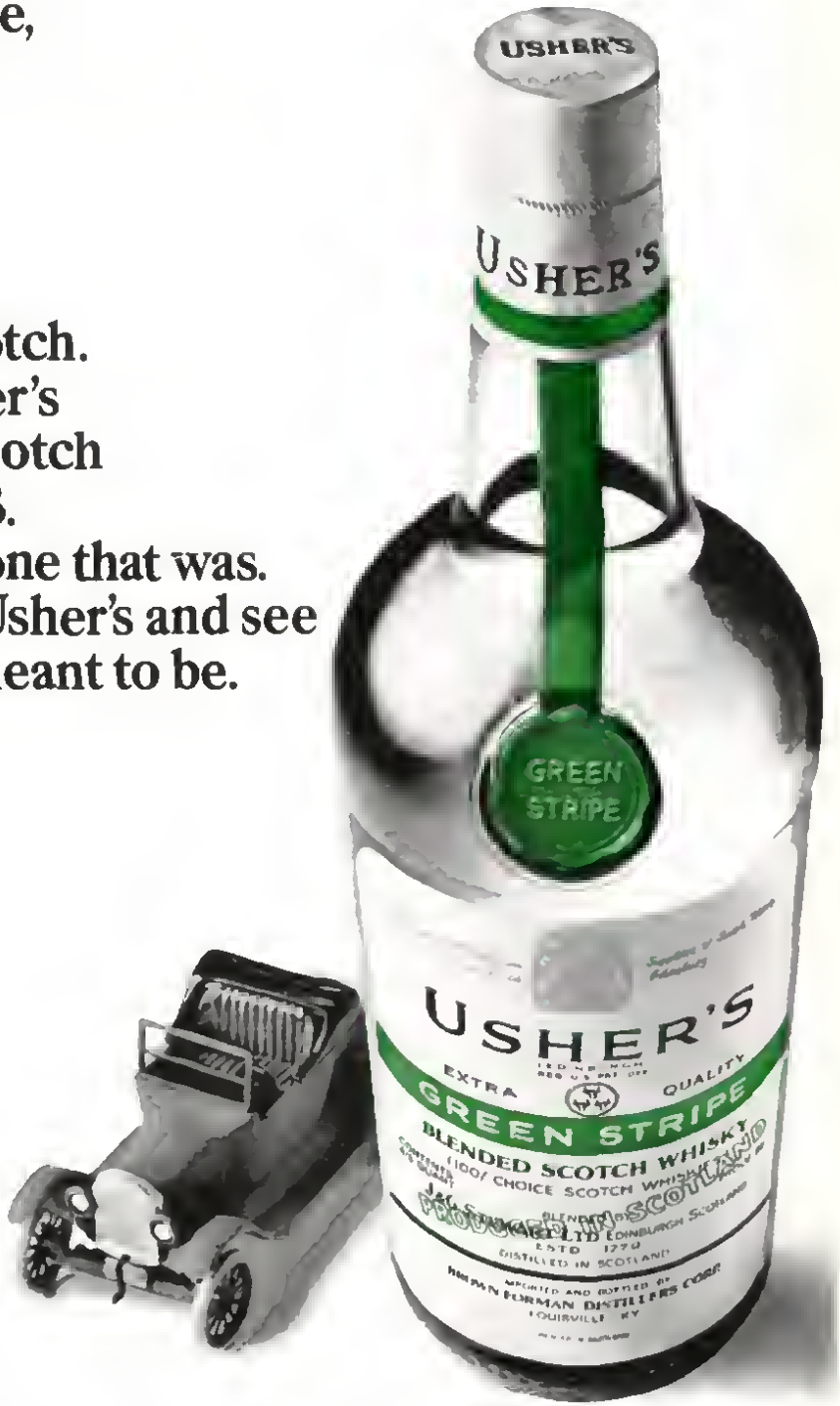
Dep for men-the hairstyling products

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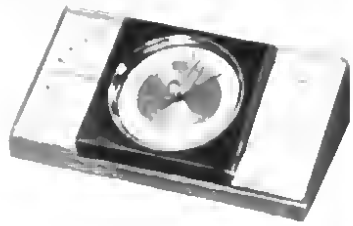
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picked up the pace and skirmished with *Ms. Gypsy*. At last Cantrell apparently figured he'd seen, felt and heard enough. *Smirnoff* went back in. "She turns nice," said Dick Brantsner, drawing a pleased smile on his face with his forefinger. "Yup, that's right," agreed Cantrell. "You don't have to fight her much."

Soon afterward, when her regular race driver, Dean Chenoweth, took over from Cantrell, all this optimism surrounding *Smirnoff*'s first test turned to gloom as a piece of metal called a deflection plate tore off her stern, letting in gallons of dirty Detroit River water. Other, more basic weaknesses appeared. The ventilating holes, officially known as tunnel ports, revealed a tendency to bleed off too much of the cushion of air under her bottom. As a result, the boat behaved like a car in need of new shock absorbers.

Before they could solve this problem thoroughly, *Smirnoff*'s builders had to report in at Guntersville last week for the Dixie Cup. There, before the race began, the testing and adjusting took up where it had left off. Time after time, propellers were changed to find the right combination of thrust and balance. Weighty bags of ballast were stowed aboard first in this place, then in that, to get a proper trim. All this fussing ate into badly needed practice time, but, for all her tribulations, there were bright spots. *Smirnoff*, fresh in her racing colors of scarlet and white, was hitting a very respectable 150 in the long straights. "And," said Dick Brantsner, "the drivers say she's the easiest boat they've ever driven."

"We've got a ways to go," declared a cautiously optimistic Lee Schoenith, "but I'll be satisfied if we finish in the top three or four."

As it turned out, he had to be satisfied with somewhat less. Despite the fact that Chenoweth made one of the best starts of the day in the first qualifying heat, he finished well behind *Miss Budweiser*. A poor third-place finish in the second heat cost him a spot in the finals, which was won by Warner Gardner driving *Miss Eagle Electric*.

As for *Smirnoff*, it was back to Detroit for more testing, not in wind tunnels but in her proper element, the water. Guntersville seemed to prove that she had the desired safety factor. It definitely proved she needs a lot more speed if she is to win races. END



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It means that we do a lot of things and we do each one better because we do all the rest.

We're Synergistic.

SPERRY RAND



Color sparks a minor revolution in campus style

The colorfully attired oarsmen on the left are members of the Columbia rowing squad, which, despite the beleaguered state of that university this spring, is competing in the Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta at Syracuse next week. The matching sweaters and socks the freshman rowers are wearing represent a minor revolt against the sockless fad and the chopped-off-sleeve sweat-shirt syndrome that have characterized student uniforms for the past several seasons. The seeds of this revolution in campus attire, one that threatens to sweep the country by the time school opens again in September, were sown in that other student hotbed—Paris.

Two years ago bright-colored crew-neck Shetland sweaters became the rage of French university students. With the eye for coordination that seems to be a French trademark, they also bought American-made white crew, or sweat, socks and dyed them to match the lavender, lime, pink, orange and yellow of their favorite Shetlands.

In the summer the look migrated from Boulevard St. Germain to St. Tropez, and in the winter to the after-ski night spots of Courchevel and Val d'Isère. American sock manufacturers, looking for an antidote to the sockless trend among teen-agers, jumped on the bandwagon and began dying the socks bright colors themselves. Today Parisian students flock to such "sock bars" as that of Le Drug Store to buy "les Burlingtons," the name taken from the American company that makes them.

This year Burlington is selling 76 different shades of the Orlon-and-stretch-nylon socks in America and is even marketing a picnic basket containing a Howard Johnson array of 48 different colors as a $79.95 gift item. Esquire Socks and Interwoven, two other crew-sock manufacturers, each have almost 60 different colors in their '68 lines. Five years ago there were about 20.

There are almost as many colors available in lightweight sweaters as there are in socks this summer, and the fashion is to wear them with spanking-white jeans and well-polished loafers. While the Shetlands and mohairs are too expensive to become student collector's items, there are now $3 sweat shirts that also match up with all the ice-cream shades. There may even be reason to hope that this varsity look will extend to teen-age hairdos and bring about a revival of the crew cut.

•

The red and orange summer-weight Shetland sweaters are $18 at Bonwit Teller, all stores. The aqua, yellow and pink cable-stitch sweaters are of mohair and cost $39.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and Beverly Hills. The socks are $1.50 and are available everywhere.

COLUMBIA CREWMEN Gerald Brun, Bill Lynch, John Hughes, Andy Dunn and Corky Rieser (front to back), in dyed-to-match crew-neck sweaters and crew socks, talk with shell-borne oarsmen after practice on the Harlem River.

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TENNIS / *Tom C. Brody*

A winner rises from the ashes

It will come as a disappointment to those who keep lists of sports' all-time losers to learn that the U S Davis Cup team is not likely to be a candidate this year. In fact, there is a very good chance that the team may actually win the cup from Australia next December, thanks to a combination of fortunate circumstances

To start, the best of the Aussies—John Newcombe, Tony Roche and Roy Emerson—have turned pro. Of course, Australia has been no problem to the U S team for some time, for the simple reason that the U S team has lost long before reaching the Challenge Round to Spain in 1965, to Brazil in 1966 and last year to Ecuador. Each of these defeats was on clay in the winner's ball park. This year, through luck and a little persuasion, most of the U S team's matches will be played at home on harder, faster surfaces more suitable to, say, Arthur Ashe's game. This week, for instance, the team, which has already beaten the British Caribbean and Mexico, both by 5–0 scores, will face mighty Ecuador in Charlotte, N C Playing on the soft clay of the Guayaquil Tennis Club, Ecuador could be dangerous, but on the faster acrylic fiber in Charlotte, is unlikely to win a point.

The most impressive thing about the U.S. team so far this year is its determined attitude, something that has been missing in recent years. The man responsible for the change is Donald Dell, the new Davis Cup captain. At his prime as a tennis player 10 years ago, Dell never reminded anyone of Pancho Gonzalez, though he did get in his licks in a cup round and was once ranked fifth in the country But as the newest American Davis Cup captain, this young Washington lawyer, who speaks intimately with the Kennedys and is a known figure in swinging joints on three continents, has managed to turn a group of tense, disheartened and disinterested players into a genuine *team* which collectively has been driving itself into an exhilarating state of exhaustion, all for the sake of the 40-pound bowl of silver plate—the Davis Cup. Overnight the American team has pride once again, and to a man they firmly believe that though their captain may possibly make a tactical mistake or two along the way,



he will lead them with flair and style.

More than a few people said USLTA President Bob Kelleher was crazy to offer the job of captain to Dell, who, at age 29, is just a few years older than his players. And there were others who thought Dell was crazier to take it. "But damn it all," said Dell, "I care about tennis. And I care about the Davis Cup." Dell was at Wimbledon last year—that was right after the U.S. had been humiliated by Ecuador—and he kept hearing how it was Arthur Ashe (who lost two singles matches) who had blown it for America. "Suddenly I realized we didn't have a team at all," said Dell. "We had a bunch of players who were satisfied because they had not lost *their* matches. It was a sort of 'I got mine, so what the hell' attitude."

So, when Dell resigned from the Office of Economic Opportunity, where he was working for his close friend Sargent Shriver, and took a leave of absence from his Washington law firm to become Davis Cup captain, he knew exactly what he had to do. In fact, there were all kinds of problems facing Donald Dell. One of them was Arthur Ashe. The facts that Ashe was playing on slow clay courts in Ecuador, where he is not at his best, and that he had to devote more time learning how to be a soldier than playing tennis explain largely why he fell on his face last year in South America. Try telling that to a proud young man who is not in the habit of making excuses for himself. Dell invited Ashe down to his Georgetown apartment for a few days of laughs and finally a good old heart-to-heart. "Arthur, do you want to be a dandy little weekend player," Dell asked him, "or do you want to be the best amateur in the world? If you're going to play Davis Cup, stop fretting about the Army. Stop worrying about civil rights. Look, I'm giving up everything—*everything*—to get that cup back. And if I'm going to do it, then dammit, so are you."

And that, essentially, is what Dell told the rest of his team. Then he shook the USLTA by naming Dennis Ralston as coach. When the team gathered at Richmond before the start of the zone finals against the British Caribbean team, Dell made it quite clear that he would take care of all details, make sure they were well fed, put up in the best places, dressed in the most stylish clothes money could buy. "But anyone who wants to make a bundle out of this is on the wrong team," Dell told them. During the next week Ralston apparently tried to kill as many tennis players as he could. For six hours a day players, coach and captain sprinted, jogged, jumped and squatted. They also went through those brutal two-on-one drills made famous by Australia's Harry Hopman in which one player gets balls shot back at him by two players at rapid fire from every conceivable angle. "When you consider that tennis players are by nature the biggest prima donnas alive," said Clark Graebner, a player who in his younger days often acted like the biggest prima donna alive, "it was really amazing the

continued

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way we put out for Dell and Ralston."

Meanwhile, Dell was planning well beyond his first four matches. Eventually, the American team will have to play away from home, most likely Italy, which means the dreaded clay. But Dell hopes he has a solution. While Ashe, Graebner, Charlie Pasarell and the doubles team of Bob Lutz and Stan Smith are working hard on cement courts, Dell has sent Allen Fox, Herb Fitzgibbon, *Marty Riessen* and *Cliff Richey* to *Europe* for the summer to play on clay courts.

In his program to get tennis out of what he calls "the ghetto of the country club," Dell ignored such establishments as the Merion Cricket Club on Philadelphia's Main Line and offered his show to Charlotte, where the U.S. team will play Ecuador. "The Merion Cricket Club runs a wonderful tournament and its grass courts are fabulous," said Dell. "But they can stuff in only 2,200 people to see the matches if they really squeeze. The Coliseum in Charlotte holds 12,000." What's more, Dell plans to hold the matches at night and indoors. If you don't think that didn't shake up the old USLTA, then you've never walked into a crusty old men's club whistling *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

"I don't care what anyone thinks," Dell says. "I just want to show the world what's wrong with American tennis—which is nothing. I think we can prove that next December in Adelaide, Australia." **END**



DELL AND ASHE HAD A HEART-TO-HEART



You can't buy Buffalo Bill's Winchester.



The original Winchester carried by Buffalo Bill is in the Buffalo Bill Museum in Cody, Wyoming.

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The fancy nickel-plated hammer, trigger, loading gate, forearm cap, buttplate, and saddle ring. (Just the way he liked them for his spectacular Wild West shows.)

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The one wild deal in 45 billion

Lord Yarborough used to bet 1,000 to 1 against the deal of a hand with no card higher than a 9-spot. It would take a terribly confident player to buck these odds since the chance of holding such a hand is 1 in 1,828.

When one player does hold a Yarborough, the odds become astronomical against another player having one on the same deal: approximately 45,675,000,000 to 1. But it did happen recently, and when it did, the player with one of the Yarboroughs was hapless, hopeless and trickless. The player with the other made three bids, wound up as declarer and had the values to bid and make a grand slam.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ A Q J 10 6
♥ A K
♦ A K Q J 10 7
♣ —

WEST
♠ K 7 4
♥ Q J 10
♦ —
♣ A K Q J 10 9 5

EAST
♠ 9 8 5 3 2
♥ 8 3
♦ 8 6 3
♣ 8 4 2

SOUTH
♠ —
♥ 9 7 6 6 4 2
♦ 9 5 4 2
♣ 7 6 3

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
2♠	PASS	2♦	3 N T
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	4♣
4♦	PASS	5♦	PASS
6♦	PASS	PASS	7♠
PASS	PASS	7♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of clubs

North's two-club opening bid was artificial and forcing. He had just about as big a hand as anyone is ever likely to hold. South's two-diamond response also was artificial and showed a weak hand, and no one will deny that South had

continued

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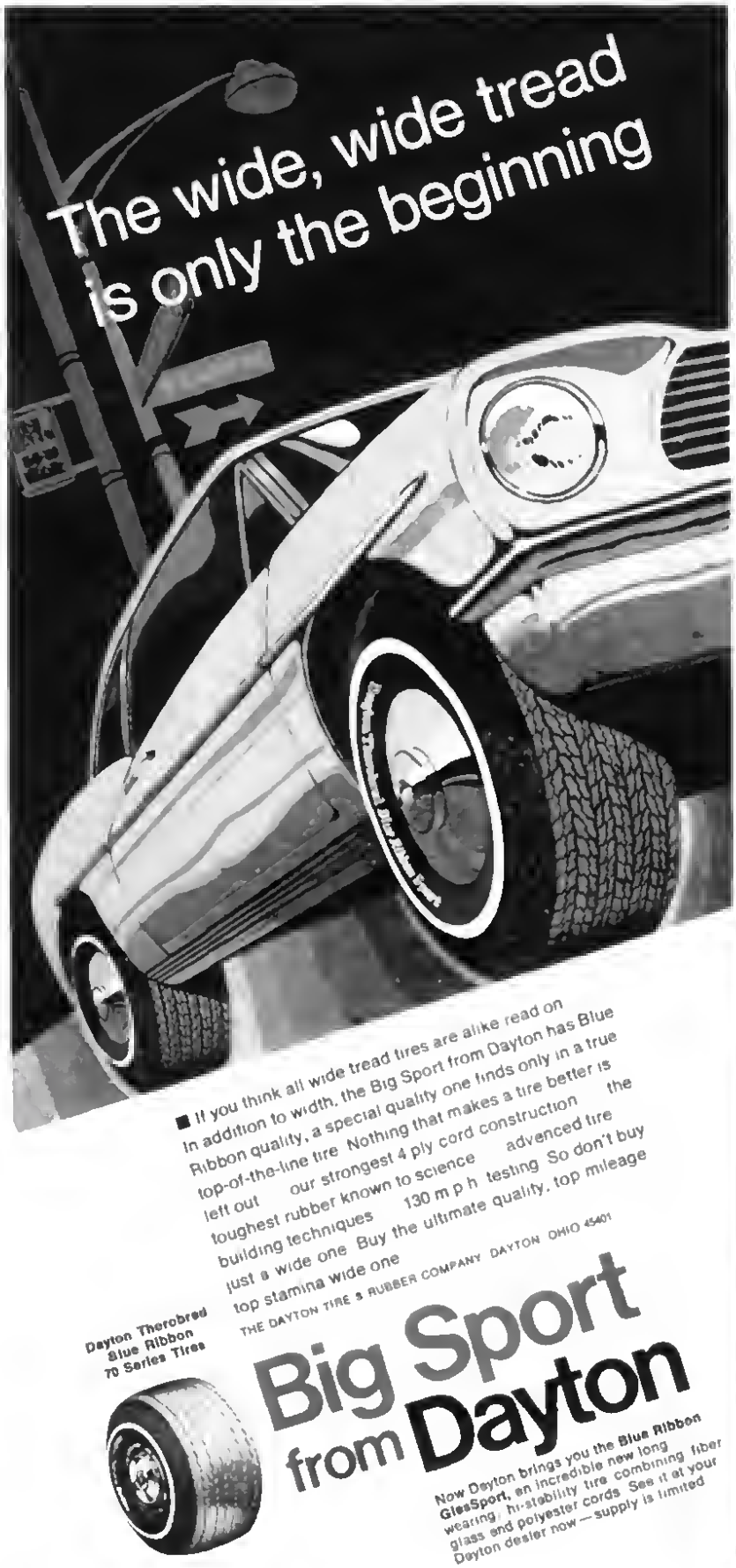
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the values. West's jump to three no trump was intended to make life difficult for the vulnerable opponents. Had West dared to leave himself in when North doubled, he would have saved points, as the cards lay, he was sure to win four tricks and show a profit even against a small-slam bid. West would also have been better off had he sold out for six diamonds. However, it is always difficult to judge that opponents who have voluntarily stopped at six can, in fact, make seven if driven to it.

The situation was nowhere as difficult for North-South to judge. The key bid was North's pass of seven clubs. South could be sure that North had not bid six diamonds almost singlehandedly with the faintest intention of letting the enemy play seven clubs undoubled. Therefore, North's pass was forcing. It contained a precise question for South: "Do you want to double seven clubs? I am prepared to have you bid seven diamonds." The inference was that North could win the first round of clubs, had he held one little club, he would have been dutybound to double and not leave the choice to his partner. South, in addition to his four diamonds, had a void in spades. So he bid the grand slam.

There was one point of interest in the play. How should South play the spade suit? He could draw trumps and take a ruffing finesse against East, hoping that East held the spade king. Or he could play to ruff out the spade king, with the added prospect that if it did not drop he might be able to play a crossruff. He decided on a combination play that also left him the chance of establishing the heart suit. After ruffing the first club in dummy, he cashed the diamond ace. The bad trump break didn't matter because South had taken the precaution of ruffing the first club with one of dummy's honors. He cashed the ace-king of hearts. When hearts broke, he played another high trump and ruffed a spade to his hand. He ruffed the third round of hearts high and came back to his hand by winning the third round of trumps with the 9 of diamonds. Dummy's Q-J-10 of spades were then discarded on South's three established hearts and the hand was made. As it turned out, since the spade king was going to drop anyway on the third lead of the suit, South could have made the grand slam an easier way. But would you have gambled your play on a 45 billion-to-1 shot? **END**

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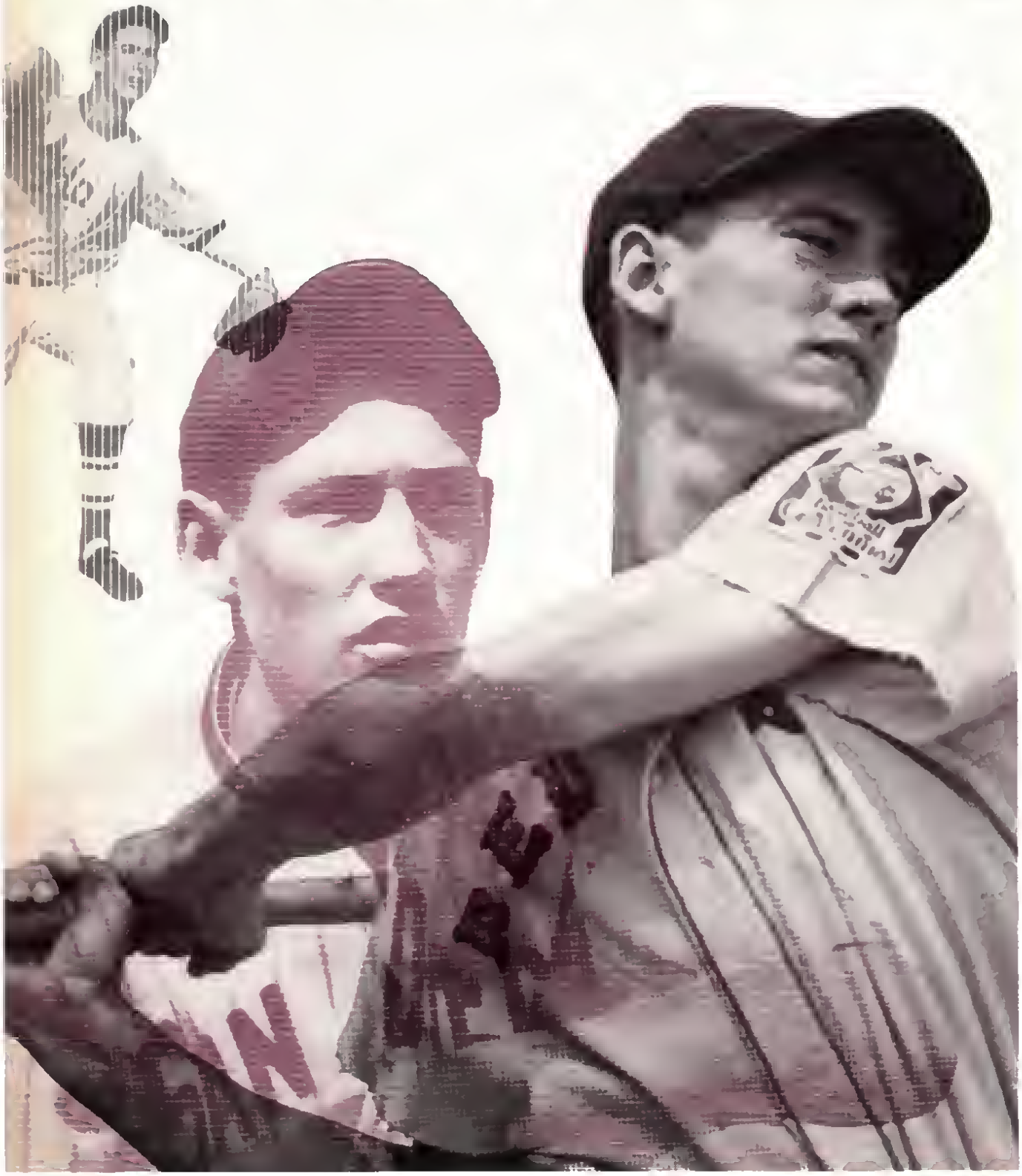


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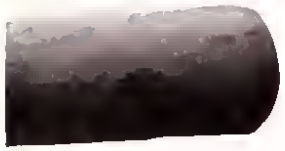
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HITTING WAS MY LIFE



By TED WILLIAMS with JOHN UNDERWOOD

One of baseball's greatest hitters and its last to hat over .400, Ted Williams was always colorful and almast always controversial during the 22 years he played hig league baseball. Now, far the first time, he tells his own story—from the hoyhood days, when he used ta accompany his mother, a Salvation Army worker, in the streets af San Diego, ta school ball and to fame in the majors. Throughout his stormy career Williams never lost sight af ane gaal—ta hecome a superlative hitter. In this and three fallowing issues he relives his quest for excellence and in a concluding part demonstrates his secrets af hitting





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CONTINUED

I'm glad it's over. Before anything else, understand that I am glad it's over. I'm so grateful for baseball—and so grateful I'm the hell out of it. Oh, in a minor way I'm still involved with the Red Sox, working in the spring with some of their younger players as a batting coach, but I certainly do not have a youth wish. I mean, I wouldn't go back to being 18 or 19 years old, knowing what was in store, the sourness and the bitterness, knowing how I thought the weight of the damn world was always on my shoulders, grinding on me. I wouldn't go back to that for anything. I wouldn't *want* to go back. I've got problems now. I've always been a problem guy. I'll always have problems. But I'm grateful that part of my life is over.

I wanted to be the greatest hitter who ever lived. A man has to have goals, for a day, for a lifetime, and mine was to have people say, "There goes Ted Williams, the greatest hitter who ever lived." Certainly nobody ever worked harder at it. It was the center of my heart, hitting a baseball. Eddie Collins used to say I lived for my next turn at bat, and that's the way it was. If there was ever a man born to be a hitter it was me. I remember the first time I saw Carl Yastrzemski as a youngster in the Red Sox batting cage a few years ago, and how much he reminded me of myself at that age—I mean he positively *quivered* waiting for that next pitch. And I have to think there was nobody who had any more opportunity than I did, along with the God-given physical attributes and the intense desire. Almost always the first at the ball park, almost always the last to leave. I'm talking about from a kid on. I have to laugh now at my last five or six years in Boston, how I just wanted to get in and get out, to beat the crowds, to get it over with.

I should have had more fun in baseball than any player who ever lived. I played in what I think was baseball's best-played era, the years just before World War II, and then during the game's booming years, 1946 through the early '50s. We were always fighting for a pennant, we played before the biggest crowds. I won batting championships and home-run championships and Most Valuable Player awards, and I made the Hall of Fame. I had people around who encouraged me—a real hitter's manager like Joe Cronin, who would sit around the clubhouse for hours talking hitting, and I always loved that, and Joe McCarthy, who in my mind was the best of managers. I played before the greatest fans in baseball, the Boston fans, and I know what you're going to say about *that* old Teddy Ballgame loved those fans, all right. He spat at them and made terrible gestures at them and threw a bat that conked a nice old lady on the head one day, and he never tipped his hat to their cheers. And you would be right. But there came a time when I knew, I *knew*, they were for me, and how much it meant to me, and I will get into that later. As for tipping my hat, I did my first year but never again. I just couldn't. I was just fed up for good with that part of the act.

Certainly baseball doesn't owe me anything, a not-too-well educated, not particularly smart guy who played probably the only game in which he could excel. And *to* excel, to participate, to see things, to have a few material things, I'm grateful for all that. I think at the same time I've taken a lot of undue abuse. My 22 years in baseball were enjoyable, but many times they were unhappy, too. They were unhappy because I was in a shell an awful lot. I felt a lot of people didn't like me. I did things I was ashamed of and sorry for, and yet know in my heart I would do again under the circumstances, because that was me. I felt—I *know*—I was not treated fairly by the press, and I'm not going to go soft on that now, and I am not going to say the Boston management did not deserve part of the blame for those bad relations. Because it did, especially when I was a young player, when I needed and should have had some protection, to head these things off before they got worse, which they always did.

Oh, I hated that Boston press. I've outlived the ones who were really vicious, who wrote some of the meanest, most slanderous things you can imagine. I can *still* remember the things they wrote, and they still make me mad: how I was always trying to get somebody's job, the manager's, the general manager's, the guy's in the radio booth—and I never coveted another man's job in my life. Or how I didn't hit in the clutch, and yet I drove in almost as many runs per time at bat as Babe Ruth, and my on-base percentage was better than anybody's, *including* Babe Ruth's. I was a "draft dodger." I wasn't a "team" man. I was "jealous." I "alienated" the players from the press. I didn't hit to left field. I took too many bases on balls. I did this, I did that. And so on and so unfair.

I remember the time I broke my elbow in 1950. I'd had one of my best years in 1949. I batted .343, I hit 43 home runs, I drove in 159 runs, I was voted Most Valuable Player in the league, and gee, we missed winning the pennant on the very last day. I had started 1950 as if it was going to be an even better year for me. I felt great. Then in the All-Star Game, first inning, Ralph Kiner hit one deep into left center in Comiskey Park. I caught it and crashed the fence with my elbow. I didn't know then how serious it was. The elbow swelled up and there was pain, but I played seven more innings and even got a single in the fifth inning to put the American League ahead. Later they X-rayed and found I had broken eight little chips off the head of the radius, and they were talking about taking out the whole thing, which would have finished me for good, but they managed to make a repair. This has to be the greatest disappointment of my career, because as time went on and my arm never completely came around, I knew I would never again be the hitter I had been. It was two

months before I played again. I could barely straighten the elbow. To this day I have trouble with it. But the Red Sox were anxious for me to get started because we were hot in the pennant race. I went back into the lineup. It was a mistake, because I wasn't ready. For two weeks I hit like an old woman. I was miserable. I wanted to play, but I wasn't doing the club a bit of good. We lost in the last week to the Yankees, and do you know what they wrote in Boston? "The Red Sox do better without Williams." That's the kind of writers they were.

There's no doubt, of course, that things got started and grew worse partly because of my temperament, because of my emotional, explosive nature. I have never been regarded especially as a man with great patience. Certainly as a young player I had none at all with myself. I was impetuous, I was tempestuous. I blew up. I'd get so damned mad, throw bats, kick the columns in the dugout so that sparks flew, tear out the plumbing, knock out the lights, damn near kill myself. *Scream.* I'd scream out of my own frustration. There was the time in Minneapolis. I've still got the scars on my wrist. It was 1938, the year before I went up to the Red Sox, and to appreciate how intense I was you have to remember that it was a year any 19-year-old kid ballplayer would love to have had. I led the American Association in everything—runs, average, RBIs, homers, everything. I had a wonderful manager, Donie Bush, who put up with me. The town was mine, and I loved it.

Anyway, Lloyd Brown was pitching for St. Paul, a tough little pitcher with a good curve. I got him to 3 and 1 in the first inning, bases loaded, short right-field fence. Now he has to come in with the fastball. He does. Right there, perfect. If I'd gotten that much more bat on the ball it would have gone 440 feet, but I got just under it and popped it up. The St. Paul first baseman reached over the boxes and made a hell of a play. Boy, I'm mad now. I go back to the bench, this little wooden bench, little cracker-box dugout in Minneapolis, and I'm so mad I don't know what to do. I sit down and here's this big water cooler right there next to me. About half full of water. And I just can't contain myself. *Whoomph.* I hit it with my fist. *Kerr-rash.* They must have thought a cannon had gone off in the dugout. It just exploded. Blood's flying, glass, everything. Well, I was lucky I didn't cut my hand off. There was one cut that went pretty deep and just missed a nerve. You don't have to cut very much there to do real damage. I could have ended my career before it started. As it was, the cut wasn't even bad enough to take me out of the game. But that shows you how intense I was.

I was never able to be dispassionate, to ignore the things people said or wrote or implied. In a crowd of cheers I could always pick out the solitary boo. I don't mean to say that criticism affected my hitting, because the boos always seemed to have the reverse effect. My last real outstanding season was in 1957 when, as an old man who turned 39 in August, I hit .388. I spent the season being mad at the world for one reason or another. I don't think I said two words to the Boston writers all year. That hardly made life pleasant. I read the other day where Joe DiMaggio said that he felt the Yankees always tried to win without him. There had never been anything written like that, he just sensed it. So Joe's got to be a sensitive guy, too. And there he was in New York with the grandest press support in the world—because the Yankees won.

And there I was in Boston, where there must be more newspapers per capita than any place in the world, with writers vying for stories, all trying to outdo the other, all trying to get a headline, all digging into places where they had no business being. They—one of them—sent a private detective to San Diego in 1942 to find out if I really did support my mother. They went out into the street to take a "public opinion" poll on my parental qualifications in 1948 when I happened to be away fishing when my daughter Bobby Jo was born—*prematurely*. That type of thing.

Well, I had been a fresh kid. I did a lot of yakking, partly to hide a rather large inferiority complex. When somebody asked a question, I answered it. Never very coy, never very diplomatic. As a result I would get myself in a wringer. I'd say to myself, "Damn, I wish I hadn't said that, or said it that way," and sure as hell when I picked up the paper it was even worse than I meant.

There were people, friends of mine, even writers I liked in other cities, always telling me to try harder, and I'll tell you a story. I was demonstrating fly casting at the New York International Sports and Camping Show one year, something I still do, because if I didn't make it as the greatest hitter I'm not far from being the greatest flycaster. That year Jim Thorpe was on the program. Right off I was carried away with Thorpe. Boy, just one look and you knew he had it. He was about 65 then, and I was so impressed with how quiet and attentive he was, how he would listen to people. Here's Jim Thorpe, alltime alltime, and he'd listen to anybody. He'd smile and he'd laugh and he'd listen.

Well, Thorpe had played some in the big leagues, and somebody told him, "Look, you can help Williams. He's getting into trouble with the press, charging around like he does, and you can give him some advice. He looks up to you." So about the sixth day of the show Thorpe took me aside for a heart-to-heart on how I should try to get along with the press. He said, "You know, they can make it awful miserable for you, but they can make it easier for you, too. It's better to get along with 'em." He kept going on in this real easy way, and then we started talking about hitting. I said, "How long did you play in the big leagues, Jim?" "Oh, five, six years." "How good a hitter were you?" "I was a pretty good hitter. Everybody said I

continued

couldn't hit the curveball, but I hit .327 one year." I can see I'm getting him stirred up a little bit now.

He says, "The writers were always saying I couldn't hit the curve, and not only that, one of them wrote one day, 'and Thorpe isn't very good for the team, either.' " I could see this bothered Thorpe an awful lot. "You know," he says, "one day this writer came into the clubhouse. I went right over to him and told him, 'I don't think that was a very fair article. I'm hitting .327. I must be hitting *something* if I can't hit a curveball. But the thing that really hurts me is you say I'm not a team man. I'm a little upset about that.' "

Well, if you ever met Jim Thorpe, you would realize that if he was upset a little bit, he was upset. So he says to this writer, "What do you think you would do if somebody wrote something like that about you?" And Thorpe said the writer answered, "Well, I guess I'd punch him in the nose." Thorpe smiled that big Indian smile and said, "So I punched him in the nose, and down he went." We both laughed like hell. I don't advocate going that far, of course, and I never laid hands on anybody myself, but that does not say I was never tempted.

Certainly there were great disappointments in my life: the pennants we did not win in 1948 and 1949, when we had good teams that people thought were better than they were; the 1946 World Series that we lost and in which I did so poorly; the two service hitches that took four and a half years out of the heart of my career—the second time when I was 34 years old. I blamed that one on the unfair draft laws and the gutless politicians, and got myself in a wringer for saying it. I still think the draft laws are lousy. And I'll tell you another thing, I've not mellowed on my dislike for the very word "politician." Maybe you could stretch a point and say that 1% of them are all right. Certainly I am convinced of Richard Nixon's abilities.

It's true that a guy can't be completely bitter about being in two wars if he's been lucky enough to live through a close call or two, which I was. And the guys I knew as a pilot in the Marine Corps were just great.

I have to feel lucky and grateful, too, for having played 22 years without being seriously injured, permanently injured. I think of Harry Agganis, a guy who wouldn't quit despite doctor's warnings. I cried at his funeral. And Herb Score. His tragedy struck me harder than anything that happened during my career. Score was going to be a great pitcher. You talk about Sandy Koufax. Koufax didn't come into full bloom until he was 27 or 28 years old. At 23 Herb Score won 20 games and was striking out everybody. By the time he was 28 he would have won 150 games. And then he got hit in the eye with that line drive in Cleveland, and just like that his career was over. I say Score. Maybe, now, Tony Conigliaro will be as great a tragedy. At 22 Conigliaro had already hit 104 home runs for the Red Sox. Good power, aggressive, a talented guy. Then *he* gets hit by a pitch, and it looks as if he is probably through, too, and Boston has lost a standout player.

Look. I have said that hitting a baseball is the single most difficult thing to do in sport, and one of the factors that makes it so is the danger involved, and the jeopardy you put yourself in every time you go to bat. Now, I say you have to be lucky. I went to bat over 7,000 times in the big leagues. I probably averaged four pitches a time at bat, because I made them pitch to me. That's 28,000 pitches, plus all the bases on balls that didn't count as official times at bat. Add batting practice, my three years in the minor leagues, playing from the time I was 9 or 10 years old, and I have to think it adds up to 200,000 pitches, and the only time I came close to serious injury except for my elbow was the time Bill Zuber hit me in the head with a pitch in Milwaukee. I was out three days and I remember how I gritted my teeth and dug in the next time I played and vowed these sons of bitches weren't going to scare *me*. Nevertheless the threat of a crippling injury is always over you.

I will never forget the day I hit Lou Brissie with a line drive. It was 1946, and he had come out of the service a great war hero with part of his leg blown off. He had to wear an aluminum plate. We opened the season in Boston, and, gee, Brissie looked good—a fine arm, sneaky fast. He was beating us 4–2 in about the seventh inning when I hit a ball back to the box, a real shot, *whack*, like a rifle clap off that aluminum leg. Down he goes, and everybody rushes out there, and I go over from first base with this awful feeling I've really hurt him. Here's this war hero, pitching a great game, and they don't know if the rest of the leg's been knocked off or what. I'll never forget Brissie. He sees me in the crowd, looking down at him, my face like a haunt, and he says, "For Chrissakes, Williams, pull the damn ball!" Well, he was all right, and I remember the next time we played he threw me everything inside, making sure I did pull, and I hit one out of the park. As I was trotting around he yelled, "You don't have to pull it *that* far, Williams." Brissie was a great guy.

So you have to be lucky to last, and you have to have the opportunity, and I think I was fortunate to grow up in Southern California where it is always warm and a boy can stretch the baseball season to his own dimensions. I have an old yellow picture somewhere of me in a Buster Brown haircut, when I was about 9 years old. It was right at that time I really got interested in playing ball. San Diego was a smaller town then, slightly more than 100,000, and I can remember what a big day it was when the *Shenandoah*, the big dirigible, flew over. And seeing Lindbergh at the stadium. I always admired Lindbergh, the hero that he was, the terrible tragedy he had to live with, his great obsession to be alone despite the important things he did, to keep his life free from the limelight. A man I admire. But the day I'm talking about is the day I got my first barbershop haircut. My mother had been giving me those Buster Brown jobs. I used to have fights over my hair, and I re-

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member how happy I was about that new haircut and how that very day I marched down to the playground thinking, "Gee, here I am, playing ball without all that hair to worry about."

We lived in a little $4,000 house my mother had gotten through the kindness of the Spreckels family, a prominent family there in San Diego, and the North Park playground was a block and a half from my house. It had lights, and we could play until 9 o'clock at night. I was there all the time. Play, play, play, play. Horseshoes, handball, everything except basketball because the ball always seemed four sizes too big. I thought I was pretty good at marbles until one day this guy cleaned my bag. He was putting four in against my two, and he still cleaned my bag. That was the end of my marbles. After about 12 I didn't mess with marbles. I suppose I played good tennis, but I used to cut the ball and break the strings on the rackets, and when I had to get a couple replaced the bill came to 35¢ and my mother said I'd better find a less expensive game.

My mother was gone all day and half the night working the streets for the Salvation Army. I didn't see much of my dad. He had a little photographic shop on Fifth Avenue downtown, taking passport pictures and sailors with their girls, and he wouldn't get home until 9, 10 o'clock. Those were Depression years, and we had a housekeeper. I think we paid her $7 or $8 a week, I forget exactly, but none of them lasted long and they were all lousy, couldn't get a job anywhere else, the bottom of the barrel. I remember being ashamed of how dirty the house was all the time.

The city water tank was right there, and it was four blocks to my grammar school. In the fifth and sixth grades I'd fix my own breakfast—orange juice was cheap in California then, and I must have drunk a ton of orange juice—and I'd be at school waiting when the janitor opened up. I was always the first one there so I could get into the closets and get the balls and bats and be ready for the other kids. That way I could be first up. Maybe I'd only hit twice before I was out, but it was worth getting to school early because hitting was the fun. Then at lunch I'd run home and get a sack full of potatoes, *fried* potatoes, and run all the way back so I could get in another 15 minutes of ball. I mean, that's the way I *always* was. I don't know how it was possible for anybody to have the desire to play, or the chances to satisfy that desire, as much as I had.

I was always tall and thin, taller than most of the kids but awfully thin. I wasn't exactly a weakling, but I didn't have much strength. Years later somebody wrote that I gave my lunch money away to kids who needed it more than I did, but I didn't have money to give away. If I had any extra it was going for a milk shake because I was always trying to gain weight. From the time I was 12 years old I was a malted-milk hound. Malted milk with eggs. When I started playing professionally and could afford them, I'd have four or five a day. I'd like to know just how many calories I put away in those years. I look at myself now, when a dish of ice cream means another notch in the belt, and I have to think that that skinny skeleton body belonged to somebody else. When I signed with the San Diego Padres of the Pacific Coast League at 17, in 1936, the paper said I weighed 155 pounds. I was 6′ 3″. I read that and I thought, "Boy, if I only did weigh 155." I was actually 148 pounds, and those seven extra pounds sounded like 40 to me. I was forever telling myself, "You got to have bigger arms, you *got* to put on weight."

I pitched when I was a kid because there was more action there, and I played first base and the outfield. I was on the junior high team, and then the American Legion Padre Serra Post team, and the sandlot teams in the summer. Good sandlot teams. We challenged the Navy teams off the *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*, which were tied up in San Diego Harbor. They provided the baseballs, and we'd warm up with them and maybe drop a few in the ashcan when nobody was looking. Later we'd go back to get them. Or a broken bat that wasn't too bad. They'd leave them, because if anybody had equipment and plenty of it, it was the Navy.

I had a picture of Babe Ruth on my wall, but my mother always made more of that than I did. Somebody would ask her, "Who was Ted's idol?" and she'd tell them Babe Ruth. Everybody knew Babe Ruth. The fact was I didn't have an idol. Cotton Warburton was more a hero to me then, a San Diego boy playing football at USC, 140 pounds, running zigzag up the damn field. I wasn't really concerned about Babe Ruth. It was 3,000 miles to New York, and that seemed like three and a half months to me. I wasn't thinking about being a Yankee or anything else, though I was getting to a point where I realized that I had ability, that my eyes were good, that my reflexes were good.

Wilbur Wiley was my first boyhood pal. He's in real estate in San Diego now. Wilbur had a job delivering the *Evening Tribune*, and when he'd get through about an hour before dark we'd go to the playground, just the two of us, and hit, hit, hit, and throw, throw, throw. Wilbur was a little smaller than I was, but a little better and a little stronger. We'd play with however many balls we could round up and a bat that was taped up good. We'd hit three or four and go chase them and hit some more. We hit pepper by the hour. A great game, pepper. I go to the Red Sox camp now and I see they've got these guys playing *volley*ball, of all things, and pepper makes 10 times more sense for a baseball player. Well, we'd always tell one another when we were going to throw a curve, and the day came—one of those 10 days you remember in your life—the day came when I said to Wilbur, "Throw anything you want. Don't tell me, just see if I can hit it," and I remember how well I hit the ball that day.

During this time, of course, my mother had me out

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with the Salvation Army, working the street corners, and oh, how I hated that. I never wore a uniform or anything, but I was right at that age when a kid, especially a gawky, introverted kid like me, starts worrying about what other kids might think, and I was just so ashamed. Today I'd be proud to walk with those people, because they are truly dedicated, but then I'd stand behind the bass drum, trying to hide so none of my friends would see me. The thing was I had to go so damn much. I just hated it.

My mother sent me to a YMCA camp one summer, and Art Linkletter was one of the counselors. I didn't realize it until he mentioned it on his show one time. The only thing I can remember about that camp was that I had a dollar for the week and it was stolen from me the first day, and the camp was down in a gully. The only other thing I remember is that I peeled potatoes *until I couldn't* peel the stinkers anymore. Gee, I peeled potatoes all the time. I think of that camp, and I think of the boys camp I've got now in Lakeville, Mass., where they get good food, and where they don't do as much work, and where they get all kinds of coaching, nice diamonds, plenty of balls and bats. How times have changed.

I wasn't a good student. In fact, I was a lousy student. The best grades I got at Hoover High were in history, and the reason was I liked it. I wish I had then the inquisitive mind I have now. I feel like I've missed so much, and I'm always hammering away at myself trying to catch up. I bought a set of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* the other day, and I know I'm going to be into those books all the time. People might remember *me* as a brash kid, and I probably popped off a lot, but I always held so much inside.

I never went out with girls, never had any dates, not until I was much more mature looking. A girl looked at me twice, I'd run the other way. You see pictures of me as a kid—*gaunt*. Nervous. Gee, I bit the hell out of my nails right down to the quick. Even later, when I first started signing autographs I'd hold my head down.

Mostly they were a pretty rough bunch of boys around my neighborhood, older guys who drank beer and at least talked about going to Tijuana for women. Things like that scared me to death. I never drank. I never smoked. I was embarrassed about my home, embarrassed that I never had quite as good clothes as some of the kids, embarrassed that my mother was out in the middle of the damn street all the time. Until the day she died she did that, and it always embarrassed me, and God knows I respected her and loved her.

I suppose the first strong influence I had to continue in baseball was my high school coach, a wonderful man named Wos Caldwell. He is a professor of architecture now at the University of Florida. I still see him now and then, and I still call him "Coach." He tells the story that on my first day out, as a 10th-grader I guess, I hit a couple balls on the *cafeteria roof* and the *janitor came* running out and made us change diamonds. What I remember is the switch he used to have. He was always after me to run faster, and he'd start me at home plate, let me get halfway to first base, then come after me with that switch. Usually he caught me between first and second and was hacking my butt the rest of the way. I'll never forget one day I hit a ball they say went 450 feet, between the rightfielder and centerfielder. I fell down rounding second, and I fell down rounding third and I got thrown out at home plate.

Well, certainly the more I matured the more speed I picked up, but I was never as fast as I would like to have been or as slow as I looked. I remember going to the Red Sox camp in Sarasota in 1938, riding the train with Bobby Doerr and Babe Herman. Herman was out of the big leagues then, but he had been a fine hitter. I asked him what he thought was the most important thing to hitting, and I didn't think at the time he understood my question, because he said, "Legs." "*Legs*," I said to myself, "Gee, what a dumb guy." Well, what Herman was talking about was speed, and it is important to a hitter. I know I envied speedy guys like Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle, all the leg hits they got. But I know I was as fast as Ruth ever was, or Greenberg ever was, or Gehrig ever was, and I have to think I wasn't put on earth to steal bases. You can't do it all. So what happens? One year I led the league in hitting and RBIs and I got criticized by a writer who refused to vote for me in the Most Valuable Player poll. He said, "What the hell, the guy didn't even steal a base." In an average year, Greenberg probably stole one, and maybe DiMaggio got three or four.

Here is the irony of a conservative base runner: the most embarrassing moment of my career occurred in a 1-0 game we lost to Washington. I hit a triple in about the fifth inning, and Jake Early, the Washington catcher, picked me off third. I couldn't remember the last time that had happened, but the next time up I hit another triple, in the ninth inning, and I'm taking another *lead in my customary* style, what John Updike called "ponderous and menacing, like an attacking goose." And damn if Early doesn't pick me off again. The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me. I slid into that base, and I knew I was out, and I could have *crawled* back to the dugout.

As a pitcher-outfielder, I batted .583 and .406 my last two years in high school, and I got this big offer of $5 a Sunday to play for the Texas Liquor House Team. I was excited because there were a lot of good players on the team and $5 was a lot of money. I came home and told my mother about the money, and she said that was fine. "Who will you play for?" "Uh, the Texas Liquor House." If I had said Murder, Inc., I wouldn't have gotten a quicker refusal.

By this time, however, the scouts were coming around. I remember seeing Herb Bennyhoven of the Cardinals sitting way out in the outfield, looking at me with field glasses, and Detroit sent a scout named Marty Krug. He watched my last game in high school. I didn't hit well that day, and we lost. Like I say, I was not an impressive figure at 6' 3", 145 pounds, and I remember Krug sat and talked with my mother, and that night

she was in tears. He had told her I had a lot of good moves, but a year of professional baseball would kill me. Literally kill me.

Bill Essick of the Yankees came around. I'd hit a home run that broke a store window, and my mother thought Essick was the store owner. "I know why you're here," she said. "It's because of that home run." And he said, "Yes, ma'am, that's right." I think he offered $200 a month, but the story is my mother asked for a $1,000 bonus and Essick refused.

I don't know if that $1,000 actually stood between me being a Yankee or not. I know years later Joe Cronin said to me, "I think you'll regret not having played in Yankee Stadium. You'd be a great hero in New York. There are 11 million people there, and no matter how good things are in Boston it won't be one-tenth what you would get in New York. Yankee Stadium was built for a left-handed batter." I got the feeling maybe Joe wished he had played in New York, but I have to say I'm not sure I ever felt that way. There were other parks I sure as hell would have preferred to play in. Like Detroit. I saw the ball better there. I never saw the ball well in Yankee Stadium, although I averaged .305 there. I hit like a sonofagun in St. Louis. My 10-year average in Philadelphia was .353.

So I signed with the San Diego Padres in 1936, for two reasons: my mother wanted me to stay home, and when I signed for $150 a month they said they would pay me for the whole month of June, though this was on the 20th of the month. That was my bonus. The San Diego manager was an old spitballer named Frank Shellenback, a wonderful, wonderful man. I don't mean to say he was all-out for young ballplayers. He wanted to win, and there were some real established stars in the Coast League. But I was just happy to be there, to travel with the team on the train, to have new balls to hit, new uniforms. I could order a bat. I pitched batting practice until one Saturday night we got 10 runs behind in the eighth inning. With a doubleheader coming up on Sunday,

continued



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Shellenback was desperate for a pitcher. "I can pitch," I said. "Put me in. I'm ready."

Shellenback didn't have much choice, so he sent me down to warm up, then let me pinch-hit. Boom, a double. A rally starts, and by the time the inning is over we've got five runs. So I go out and hold them an inning, and then I get to bat again. Boom, another double. Now we've whittled it down to 11 to 12, something like that, and Shellenback's got a *good* relief pitcher working in the bullpen. I go out to pitch again, and the first four guys get to me for four runs. Shellenback's out there like a flash to pull me out, and the way he tells it I kind of shrugged and said, "Skip, I think you've got me playing the wrong position." He put me in left field for the rest of the game, and I was there the rest of the year.

I never had so much fun. Those first train trips, into Seattle and Portland, seeing the natural beauty of the Northwest, and into Los Angeles, and signing for my meals in the hotels. We were allowed $2.50 a day, and I was eating everything in sight. When we got to Oakland, Bill Lane, who owned the club, a tough, gruff old guy, called to me in the clubhouse. "Hey, kid, come over here." In that raspy voice he says, "You're heading the list." "Heading the list? What list?" I knew I hadn't done anything too exciting. He said, "The overeaters list. You're allowed $2.50 a day, you know." I said, "Well, I just can't eat on $2.50 a day." I said, "Take it out of my check." That kind of slowed him up and we let it go at that, but he never did take it out of my check. He knew he wasn't paying me very much. I put on 10 pounds a year for the next two years.

I hit .271 in about 40 games that season, and the next year I hit .291 and 23 home runs, despite my first real slump, a stretch where I went 0 for 18. I suffered through that one. A slump always follows a familiar pattern. When you first start going bad, you just try harder. Then you press, which means you do things unnaturally. Then you imagine you're getting all the tough breaks and you start feeling sorry for yourself.

At this time something happened that really jacked me up. It has stuck with me because it is a clue to the kind of encouragement a young player needs and certainly has been a reminder for me in my dealings with young hitters like Yastrzemski and Rico Petrocelli. Lefty O'Doul was the San Francisco manager. I'd seen him hit the year before, watching him from the fence, his line drives zinging into right field. I was 17, and I went right up to him bold as brass to ask him about hitting, something I would do from then on with every good hitter I ever met. I said, "Mr. O'Doul, what should I do to become a good hitter?" He said, "Kid, the best advice I can give you is don't let anybody change you."

Wasn't that a nice thing for an all-timer to tell a young kid? So now I was in this slump, feeling down, and I happened to pick up a paper in the lobby of the Pickwick Hotel in San Francisco. The headline says, WILLIAMS GREATEST HITTER SINCE WANER. At first I wondered who the hell Williams it was talking about. I just kept looking at it. Actually the story said O'Doul had called me the best left-handed hitter to come into the league since Paul Waner. Something like that. You know that *had* to pick me up.

That winter I was sold to the Boston Red Sox. I read about that for the first time in the paper, and I was sick. The Red Sox didn't mean a thing to me. A fifth-, sixth-place club, the farthest from San Diego I could go. I sure wasn't a Boston fan. I might have been a New York Giant fan, with Mel Ott and Arky Vaughan and those guys, or a Detroit fan, with Greenberg and Charley Gehringer, but *Boston*. Then Eddie Collins came to visit us.

Collins was the general manager of the Red Sox at the time, and he had seen me hitting in batting practice the year before when he came out to look at Bobby Doerr and George Myatt on our club. He got Bill Lane to agree to give the Red Sox an option on my contract. So he came to the house, and the only decent chair that we had was an

continued



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old mohair thing that had a big hole you could see the springs through. We covered the hole with a 5¢ towel, and that's where Collins sat. And, gee, he was an awfully nice man, a kindly man. I loved Eddie Collins.

He said the Red Sox would give me a two-year contract, $3,000 for the first year, $4,500 for the second. My mother and dad had been hearing stuff, though, and they still wanted $1,000. They needed it. So my mother put it to him. A $1,000 bonus. Collins said he couldn't do it, not without checking with Tom Yawkey. Mr. Yawkey had been spending a lot of money building up the Red Sox, but he had been trying to cut down. Evidently Collins was persuasive. Although my mother was supposed to have gotten her $1,000, I'm still not sure she did.

I was 10 days late getting to camp at Sarasota that spring. There was a flood that year and the trains were out, everything was out, and Bobby Doerr had to get a couple of ham radio operators together to get through a message to meet him in Imperial Valley for the ride south. When I finally got into the dressing room in Sarasota, everybody else was on the field and Johnny Orlando, the clubhouse boy, says, "Who are you?" "Ted Williams." "Oh, well, The Kid has arrived, eh. You dress over there with the rookies, Kid."

To this day, I am The Kid to Johnny Orlando, and to everybody else who was around me then. Orlando says he followed me outside that first day, sensing something would happen. My shirttail was hanging out. It was too short, and the first guy I run into says, "Stick your shirttail in, Busher, this is the big leagues." True to form, I gave him a sassy answer, then I asked Orlando, "Who's that smart guy?" "That's Joe Cronin. He's the manager."

I lasted about a week. I remember writing home, telling how impressed I was with the Red Sox, how smooth Lefty Grove was, the smoothest, prettiest left-handed pitcher I had ever seen. And Jimmy Foxx with all those muscles, hitting drives that sounded like gunfire. *Kerr-rack*. A hell of a lot louder than mine sounded. I thought all the guys were wonderful, all of them, and to them I was probably as cocky a kid as they'd ever seen. Moe Berg was a catcher for the club then, and I got up in batting practice one day without my hat, my bushy hair sticking out all over the place, and he says, "What's the matter, Kid, don't they make hats where you come from?" And I said, real fresh, you know, "If that's all it takes to make the big leagues, *here*. ." And I whipped my cap out of my back pocket and jammed it on my head.

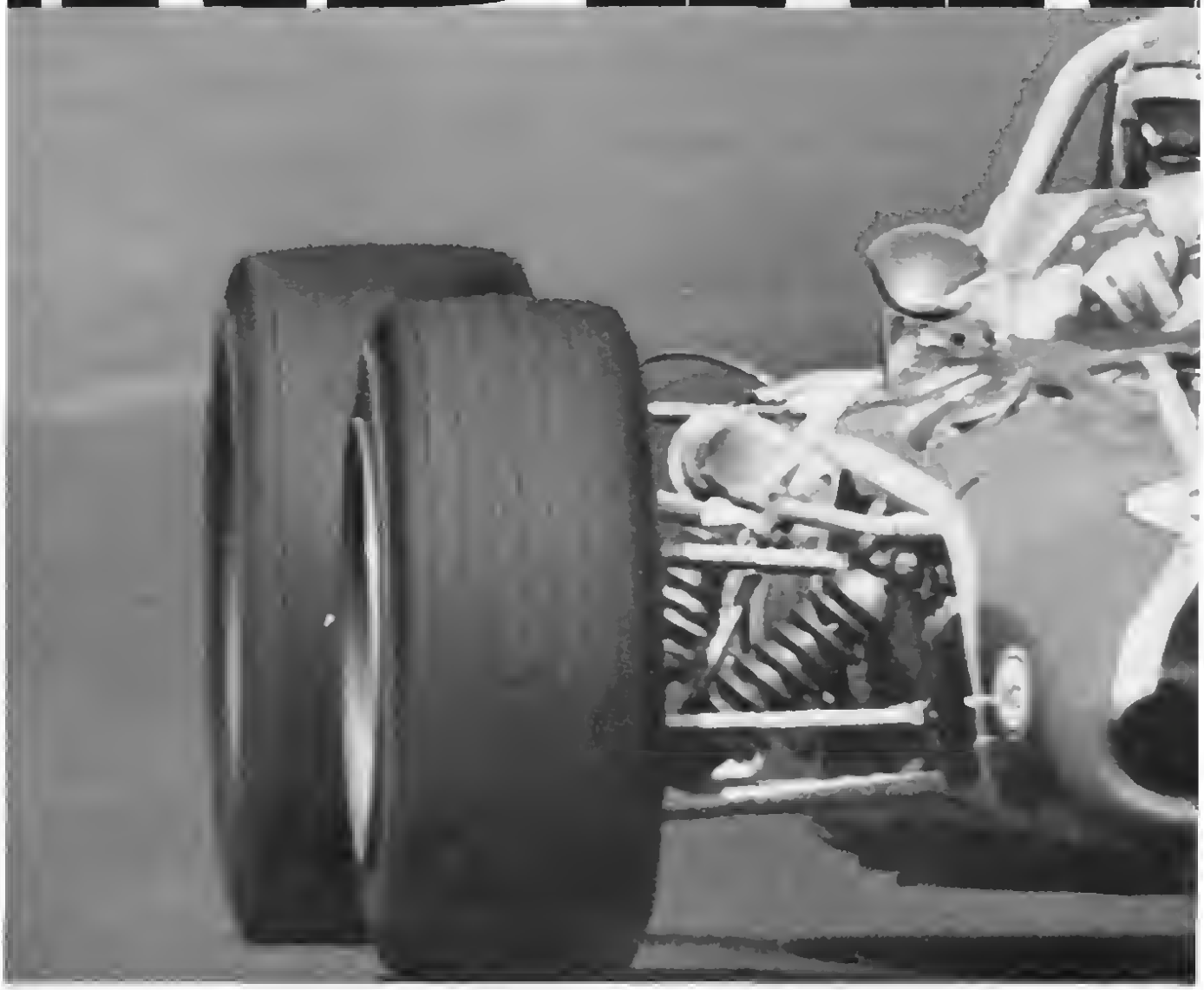
Well, that's bravado, pure and simple. A kid away from home really for the first time in his life, feeling alone, a little scared, seeking attention. They didn't have an idea in the world of keeping me that year. I remember the team was going to play in Tampa, and I said to Cronin, "Am I on the list, Joe?" He says, "Why don't you look at the damn board like everybody else and *see* if you're on the list." I said, "O.K., Sport, if that's the way you want it." Sport was what I called everybody. I know that must have irritated him, and I have to think he had to put me in my place.

My place, according to the list, was Daytona Beach, where the Red Sox Minneapolis farm team was training. That night Johnny Orlando took me to the bus. I was more subdued than I was upset. "Tell 'em I'll be back," I told Johnny. I'd been taking a pretty good riding from the regular Red Sox outfielders, Doc Cramer, Joe Vosmik and Ben Chapman. I said, "Tell them I'll be back, and tell them I'm going to wind up making more money in this crummy game than all three of them put together." Then Johnny loaned me five bucks to see me through to Daytona Beach.

I wish now that I had had a more businesslike attitude in those early years. I mean hitting was so important to me, consumed so much of my desire, that I tended to let other things go. I remember Bill Sweeney, the Portland manager, came up to me one day after I'd turned away from running out a ground ball. He said, "Boy, as good as you can be, if you don't run them out I'm personally going to kick you right in the butt." I would like to think I learned from re-

continued

INDIAN



Bobby Unser wins the

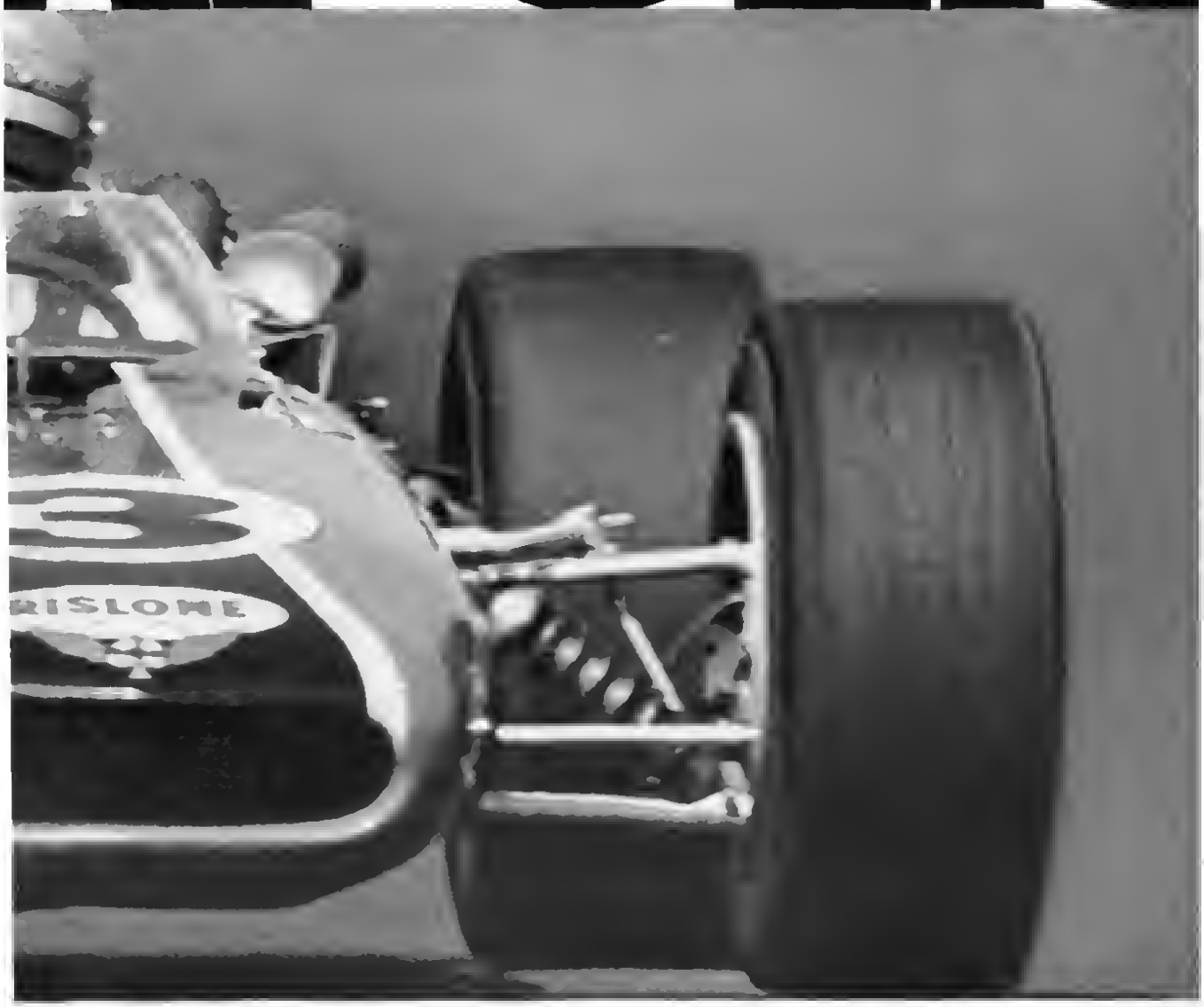
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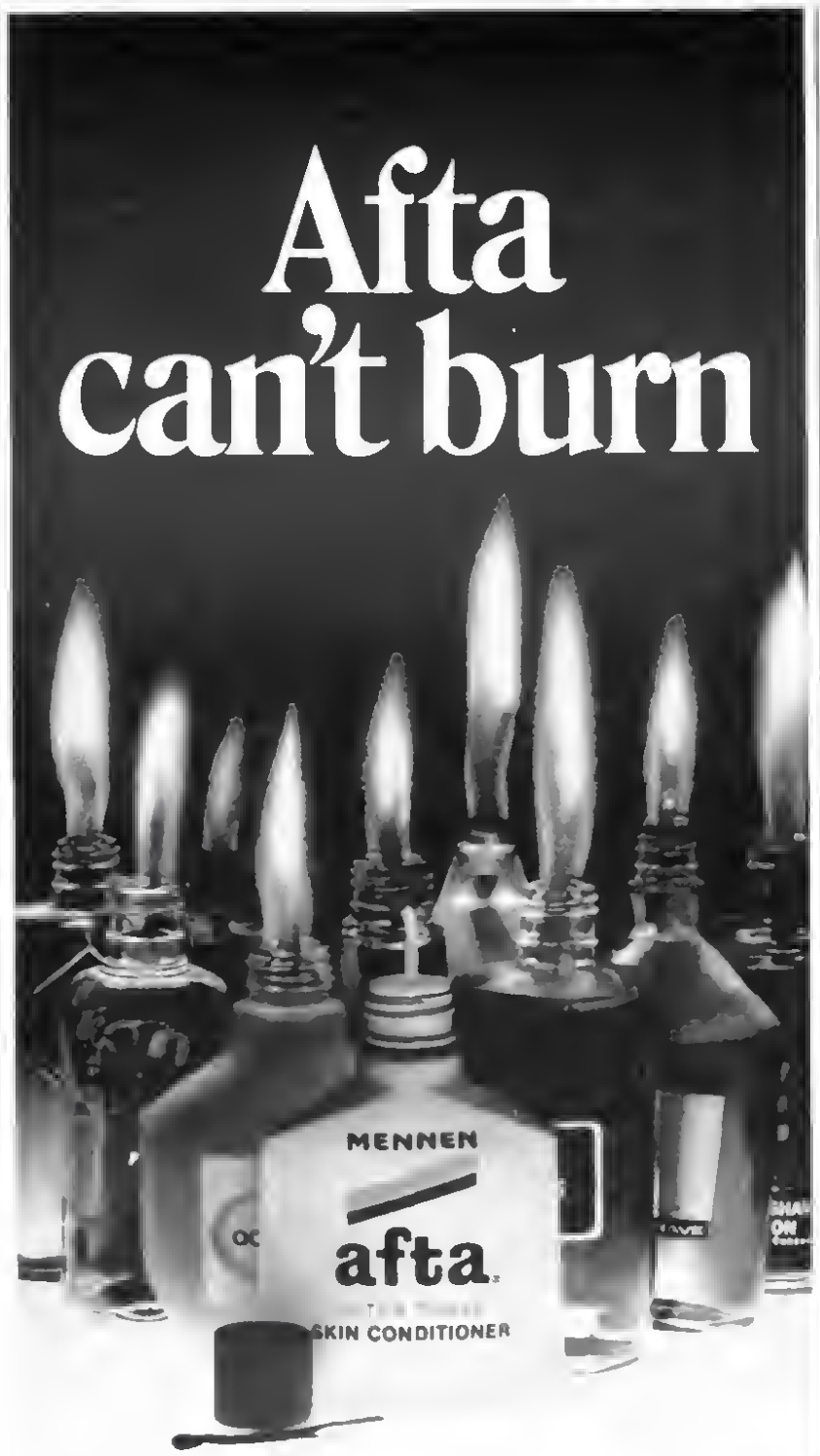
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marks like that, but I know that I was a long time realizing that the game of baseball, this game of my childhood, was to be my livelihood, my business, the greatest thing that would ever happen to me. It takes some guys longer to find things out.

I had gotten into some rotten habits, usually a matter of being so mad I'd do *anything* to show my disgust. I would have to say I was an indifferent fielder in those years. I did some dumb things. I know I got to little Donie Bush—a little tiger, a lovable little tiger—when he was managing Minneapolis. He was supposed to have said, "It's Williams or me, one has to go," and he was told that if that was ever the case it would have to be him. I remember one day I went out without my sunglasses in right field, and somebody hit one into the sun and I lost it. Two runs scored and Bush came running out there yelling, "Where's your glasses? Where the hell are your glasses?" "I forgot 'em, Skip." "*Well, go in there and get them!*" He was livid, and it was just like me in those days to say, "What's he so excited about? Why does he take everything so seriously?"

The thing is, a sharp liaison between the parent club and the minor league team would have picked this up right away and somebody at the top would have said, "Listen, this son of a gun is going somewhere. He's knocking the damn fences down. He's leading the league in everything. Let's not worry about his hitting, let's work on his fielding." In Minneapolis I played right field, an easy one because the fence was shallow—278 feet—and I never had to go back any distance. I had a good arm, and nobody ever went from first to third on me. I never really had to throw much or field much. I always had good hands. As the years went by I made up for a lack of speed by playing good position, watching the pitcher, knowing the batter. Nevertheless, I could have started doing this earlier. But I was hitting .366 and driving in 142 runs and hitting 43 home runs. I was doing so well, in fact, I probably got away with things that hurt me going into the major leagues.

continued



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I was late getting to Sarasota again the following spring. I caught a bad cold driving down and had to hole up three days in New Orleans. It was a kind of virus that hounded me the rest of my playing days, usually in cold or damp weather. But I was going to be the regular rightfielder, there was no doubt about that, because the Red Sox had traded Ben Chapman to Cleveland. Chapman had hit .340 the year before, which would tell you how they regarded me, except that it was also true that Chapman didn't get along with Joe Cronin. I think they had had a fist fight in the dugout.

That spring I was a nuisance to everybody, asking questions about hitting, asking Foxx and Cronin and Cramer and Vosmik about this pitcher or that one, the Yankee pitchers, the Detroit pitchers. Cronin was great because he always encouraged that kind of talk. And, gee, right from the start I hit well. Oh, I was still pretty erratic in the field, all right, out there practicing my hitting form with my glove on, not paying too much attention, occasionally letting a ball go through. One time Cronin yelled out to me from his position at shortstop, "Hey, Kid, how about practicing a little less of this"—he made a swinging motion—"and a little more of this"—and he fielded an imaginary ball. But I have to think I was better in the field than people gave me credit for being.

We broke camp and went north on a special train, playing exhibitions en route. We made our first stop in Atlanta. We got out to the old park there, and Johnny Orlando pointed to right field. It was a funny setup, three parallel fences—signboards, really—one right behind the other, like a prison compound. Johnny says, "I saw the Babe hit one out over the last one, right there." I said, "Oh, yeah?" Boy, I was going to do that, too. But five times up and I didn't do it, and about the eighth inning I struck out with two men on and could hardly stand it. I went out to right field seething. The Atlanta batter hit a little fly down the line that curved foul, and I ran over, got it and dropped it, then booted it trying to pick it up. I

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Rockford — Power Machine Company
Roscoe — Mike Rolk & Son
Rosevilin — Kingdon Imp
Rosseille — Black Bros
Rushville — Robinson Implement
Russell — Bilky Custom Shop
Sereno — Neidell Implement
Shabbona — Bakers Farm Store Inc
Shelbyville — Barker Brothers
Shipmon — J C Arcuri and Son
Shobenier — Willett and Wollin Impl Co
Sidell — Hooker & Remark
Springfield — Hunsley Farm Supply
St Anne — Bobs Welding Repair
St. Charles — Champion Cycle Inc
Staunton — Ed Kp Motors
Stealeville — G W Zachars Farm Equipment
Stockton — Stockton Floral & Nursery
Streator — Gibbons Sales & Service
Taylorville — Your Equipment Sales
Tolono — Diel and Thompson
Toulon — Olmi Implement
Towanda — Rinehart Sales & Service
Tranton — Drakemper Auto Marine
Tivoli — Fliegel Equip
Troy Grove — Creighton el Troy Grove
Victoria — Wayne Bothwell
Warren — Warren Auto Company
Warrensburg — C and W Implement
Waterloo — Waterloo Farm Supply
Watseka — McCullough Implement
Waverly — Shumaker & Brown Imp Co
West Chicago — Trailor Implement Co
Westfield — Biggs Farm Supply
Wheaton — Buds Mower Sales
Wheeling — Says Hy Lift Mfg Co
Winchester — Winchester Equipment Co
Woodhull — Links Farm Supply
Xenia — Buten Meats

INDIANA

Albion — Truelove Bros
Alexandria — Lunde Sales
Anderson — Industrial Main Serv
Avilla — Probst Bros Sales & Serv
Austin — Hunley Sales & Service
Bargersville — E C Hartel and Son
Bedford — Nelson Tractor Sales
Berne — Allmeider Implement Sales
Bicknell — O L Bell Cimin Co, Inc
Bloomington — Monroe County Farm Bureau
Bluffton — Moser Implement Co
Boonville — C E Wilkinson Sons
Boswell — Layman Farm Equipment
Brook — Brook Farmers Supply Inc.
Brownstown — Scott Sales & Service
Carmel — John Kirk, Inc.
Centerville — Reesling Farm Equipment
Chalmers — White County Equip Co
Chesterton — Zehner Truck Parts
Clay City — Cordells Implement Sales
Cloverdale — Smith Farm Machinery Co
Columbia City — Main Farm Store
Columbus — Farmers Marketing Assn
Connersville — Dick Kanns Sales Inc
Covington — Dillon Implement Company
Crawfordsville — Milligan Brothers Inc. — 305 LaFayette Ave
Zimmerman Auto Elec — 416 LaFayette Ave
Crown Point — Bruel Bros
Dana — Adams Implement Co
Elkhart — Hull Lift Truck Inc
Ferdinand — Hoosier Garage Inc
Frankfort — Fairground Implement Inc
Franklin — Potts Super Service
Fort Wayne — Command Garden Center — 4817 E State
MacDonald Machy Inc — 2105 Freeman St
Home Equi Rental Ser — 3718 Goshen Road
Goodland — Beckley Implement Company
Goshen — Elkhart Co Farm Bureau
Greencastle — Sherms Implement Co
Greenfield — Soudel Implement — R R 5
Suburban Products — R R 4
Greensburg — Vanderbur Implement Co
Greentown — Greentown Farm Equipment
Hagerstown — Stohler Landscaping Co
Marion — Bob Garmater Mach Sales
Hartford City — Hullman Implement Sales
Hemsburg — Jones Service
Hillsboro — Dillon & Dillon
Holland — Bleich Brothers Inc
Indianapolis — Joe Sloof Sons — 6881 N Mich Rd 421 No
Hein Machinery Co Inc — 3906 E 21 St
Panke Mach Co — 7255 W Washington
Stutz Bond Company — 6321 Brookville Road
Knightstown — Wilkinson Implement Co
Kokomo — Gilbreath Implement Co
Loogootee — Earl Brindle
LaPorte — Ellis Chalmers Sales & Serv
J & F Tractor & Mower — Lebanon — Jackson Farm Service
Liberty — Davis Brier
Liberty Mills — Meyer Motors
Logansport — A C Tractor Sales & Service
Lowell — Ruim Farm Equipment
Marion — Modern Farm Sales
Marklesville — Ols Sales & Service
Menland — Ben Tucker Motors
Milan — Lewis Farm Service Inc
Mudoc — Medoc Sales
Montgomery — Claber Wilmer Equip Co
Monrovsville — Talla Farm Equipment
Mt Vernon — Boeschler Farm Equip Co
Muncie — Roy I Miller Equipment
Napanee — Marty and Tee Inc
Nashville — Robert E Gregg
New Albany — Sailor Tractor Co
New Castle — Stohler Implement Co
New Pricedine — Wheaton Service
New Vernon — Wilson Brothers
Noblesville — Vern Smith
Orland — Fritz Farm Serv
Orleans — Nelson Tractor Sales
Otwell — Scraper Sales Company
Oxford — Hoier Garage & Oil Co
Pendleton — Ring Implement Inc
Plymouth — N and B Equip Co
Portland — Portland Farm Equipment
Poseyville — Espenlaub Equipment Co
Rensselaer — Claussen Equipment Co
Riley — W C Baker Son
Rockport — Matthews Brothers
Rockville — Crowder Tractor & Impl Sales
Russellville — Sherwood Tractor & Impl
Salem — B and W Sales
Sellersburg — McCammon Pfeiffer Motor Co
Seymour — Paddock Sales & Service
Shelbyville — Newton Equipment Inc
Sullivan — Pigg Implement Sales
Swayzee — Shafer Implement
Tipton — Poe Implement Company
Topeka — Saeglys
Tralalgar — Tralalgar Hardware
Valparaiso — Buhmann Implement Co
Vevay — Browns Lead Mill
Vincennes — Ivey Blue Tree Service — New 41 North
Morris Equipment Co — 107 S 14th St.
Wabash — Wabash County Farm Bureau
Walkerton — Jim Metzger and Sons
Warren — Oakes Implement Sales
Wheatfield — C Bierma Implement Co
Williamsport — Fineland & Stitt
Winamac — Hoch Farm Supply
Worthington — Keller's Farm Serv Center

MISSOURI

Bowling Green — Holmes
Cedar Hill — Cedar Hill Equip Co
Elsberry — Coffeway Brothers Inc
Kaw Point — Dells Garage
Hazelwood — Greenig Equipment Co
Richwood — Ol Stain Machinery Co
Matthasville — Colemeyer Motor Company
Big Manton — Coffeway Equipment Co
St. Charles — B L Blackburn Farm Suppl
St. Clair — Haun Equipment Company
Washington — Mulert Implement Company

ALLIS-CHALMERS

TED WILLIAMS *continued*

was so mad when I finally grabbed it I threw it the hell out of the park over that last fence. Cronin pulled me out right away. He didn't have to say a word because I was ashamed the moment I did it. The next year I hit one over that last fence and gave Orlando a hard look when I came in.

We opened the season in New York, and darn if it doesn't rain for two days. We paced the Commodore Hotel, waiting for it to break. My fingernails were down to nothing. Finally we got out to Yankee Stadium on the third day, and through a friend of my mother's it was arranged for me to meet a couple of the New York writers, particularly Joe Williams, the big columnist. Well, I didn't even like the sound of his voice. Boy, he talked like he was real New York, looking down his nose at me, a real big shot. And I am sure I didn't impress him very much either, a skinny young rookie.

I will never forget that day sitting on the bench watching the Yankees take batting practice. I'm all eyes. Frank Crosetti and Charlie Keller and DiMaggio and Tommy Henrich and Bill Dickey, a hell of a lineup. And Joe Gordon. I'm watching them, studying them all, and I remember so distinctly—this was one of those 10 days—I said to myself, "I know I can hit as good as these guys." Just a young kid's reaction, seeing the greats, building up his confidence.

Red Ruffing was the Yankee pitcher. I watched him warm up, a big guy, I mean big, but a real easygoing style, like he didn't give a damn. When he came in with it, though, the ball *whistled*. I got up the first time and fouled one off, then he threw me a little curve and I fouled that off, too, then he struck me out on a high fastball. The second time up the same thing: curve, curve, high fastball, strike three. Well, here's this smart-talking kid rookie from California striking out his first two times up, and burning. I got to the bench and plopped down and out of the corner of my eye I saw ole Jack Wilson, one of our pitchers, coming near me. We'd been needling each other all spring, and I'd been telling him how I was going to

continued





TED WILLIAMS *continued*

wear Ruffing out, and Jack's really got the old needle out now. He said, "Whatta ya think of this league, now, Rookie?" I said, "Screw you. That is one guy"—pointing to Ruffing—"I know I am going to hit, and if he puts it in the same place again I'm riding it out of here." Well, it just so happened the next time up Ruffing got it high again, and I hit one to right center just a foot from going into the bleachers. I'd gotten under it a little bit or it would have gone out. When I got to second base, there was Gordon. We had played against each other on the Coast in 1936, and he came over smiling. "You nervous?" I said. "Boy, am I. Nervous as hell."

It turned out to be a wonderful first year for me. My third game in Boston I hit a double, home run and triple. I was hitting only about .280 in July, but I was leading the league in runs batted in hitting fourth behind Doerr, Cramer and Foxx. Cronin batted right behind me so they couldn't pitch around me, which gave me a hell of an opportunity to drive in runs. So I led the league with 145 RBIs and wound up hitting .327. Even with that I walked 100 times, because something Rogers Hornsby told me in Florida one year had become a cardinal rule for me, *get a good ball to hit*.

I remember the first time we went into Detroit that year. We had a pitcher on our staff named Jim Bagby, a big winner for the club in 1938. Jim had a harelip, but that didn't stop him from sounding off, and he was always having fun with somebody. Our dugout was on the first-base side in Detroit, and the first time I got up Bagby started needling Hank Greenberg, who was playing in fairly close at first. There was one man who really got down to business in this game, Hank Greenberg. I mean he knew where his nickels were coming from. He was *all* business. So Bagby's yelling at him, "Well, Hank, you had better get back. You don't know this guy you . . . better . . get . . back." Greenberg wasn't paying any attention. Bagby yelled at Greenberg four or five times, and Greenberg paid absolutely no attention. Finally, and I can

continued

still hear Bagby loud and clear, "All right, Hank, if you want to look like me and talk like me, stand right where you are!"

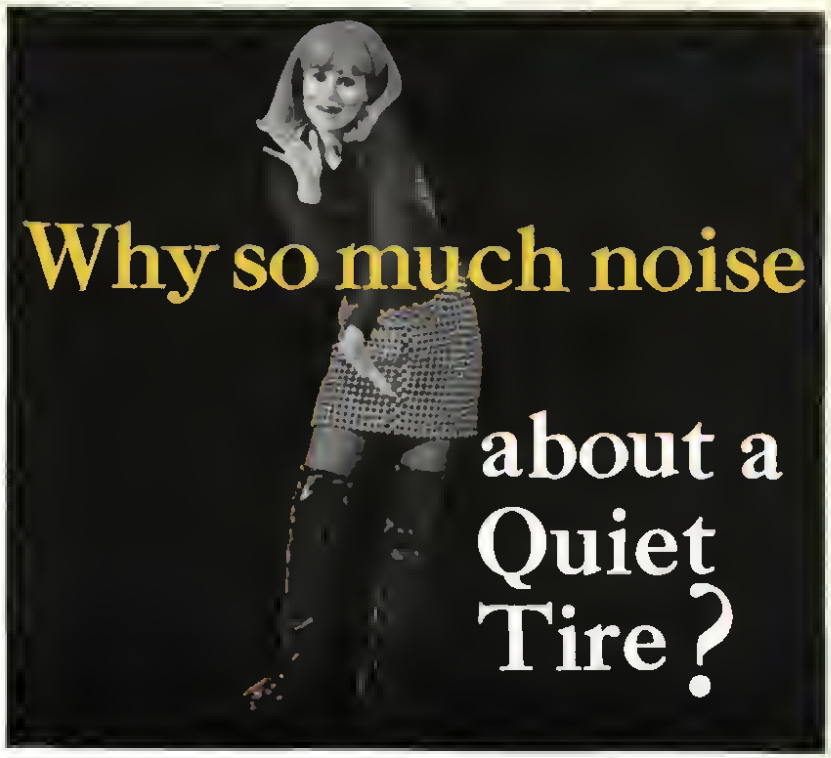
That same day I hit the first ball ever to go out of Briggs Stadium after it was remodeled in 1937. The first time up I hit one on top of the upper deck for a home run. On that one the count went to 3 and 0, and Rudy York the catcher for Detroit said, "You're not hitting, are you, Kid?" And I said, "I sure as hell am." I got to first base and Greenberg was still looking where the ball had gone. I reached second and Charley Gehringer, who hadn't said a word to anybody in 20 years, was still saying nothing. Frank Croucher at short just looked, and Billy Rogell, playing third base, didn't say anything either, but I could see him watching me closely. I got home, and York said, "You weren't kidding, were you?"

The next time up there were two men on, and this is the one I hit out of Briggs Stadium. I got to first base and Greenberg was still looking, and Gehringer still hadn't said anything in 20 years, and Croucher at short was scraping the ground. Then I got to Rogell at third base and he said, "What the hell *you* been eating?"

I can't imagine anyone having a better, happier first year in the big leagues. The fans in right field in Boston were yelling with me and for me all the time, and that year nobody tipped or waved his hat more than I did. I mean, right off my head, by the button. Nothing put on, nothing acted, just spontaneous. The next year things began to change, and I never did it again. I didn't go home that winter. Home was never a happy place for me, and I had met a girl in Minnesota, so I spent the winter there, unaware of the big things that were to come—a .400 season, a pennant—and unaware, I suppose, that my troubles were just beginning.

NEXT WEEK

Williams talks about his .406 year, his war with the press and his Marine hitch.





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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Surprising OAKLAND (4-2) continued to challenge for a first-division spot on the arms of its strong young pitchers. The Athletics' starters, whose average age is just 23, threw six consecutive complete games last week and allowed their opponents only 12 runs. The best performance turned out to be a frustrating one for Chuck Dobson, who pitched a 12-inning five-hitter and struck out 13 but lost when his teammates failed to score. Along with Willie Horton's heavy hitting (*below*), DETROIT (6-2) also enjoyed excellent pitching, including four-hit shutouts by Denny McLain and Mickey Lolich and long, scoreless relief performances by John Hiller ($6^{2}/_{3}$ innings) and Pat Dobson ($5^{2}/_{3}$ innings). Led by Tony Horton (.333 BA with six RBIs), CLEVELAND's (4-4) hitters gave the superb pitching staff unusually strong support with 30 runs for the week as the Indians rolled up the league's best record for May with a 21-11 mark. Tommy Davis and Pete Ward were both out with injuries, so punchless CHICAGO (5-2) had to scrap harder than ever to score runs. The Sox had excellent pitching in all but one game and picked up three wins in their last at bat, one on a perfect squeeze bunt by Luis Aparicio, another on a Texas League single by Dick Kenworthy and a third on Gerry McNertney's ninth-inning single. Except when rookie Dave Leonhard gained his second shutout in three victories this season, BALTIMORE (3-3) also relied on last-inning runs. Paul Blair clubbed a 10th-inning home run to win one game and Curt Motton's single in the Orioles' last at bat won another. Defending champion BOSTON (3-4) dropped seven games out of the lead despite the heavy hitting of Carl Yastrzemski (.577 BA for the week) and Ken Harrelson (.391 with 10 RBIs and four homers), which accounted for 17 of the Red Sox's 21 runs. WASHINGTON's (3-3) strong attack scored almost six runs per game, but the pitchers allowed a season high of 38 runs, causing the Senators to fall deeper into the cellar. NEW YORK's (2-4) Mickey Mantle enjoyed the greatest game of his career on Memorial Day when he went 5 for 5, hit two homers and a double and had five RBIs. CALIFORNIA (2-5) used 24 pitchers in its games but still could not halt a slide to ninth. The Angels scored just six runs in the losses while the pitchers allowed 23. With one homer for the week and a .200 team batting average, MINNESOTA (2-6) was held to a single run or less in all but three games and three times failed to collect as many as five hits.

Standings: Det 30-17, Balt 27-20, Clev 27-22, Minn 24-24, Bos 23-24, Oak 23-24, NY 22-26, Chi 21-25, Cal 22-27, Wash 19-29

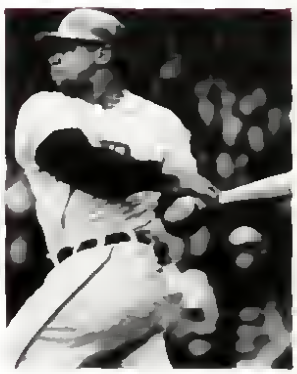
NATIONAL LEAGUE

The league's hitters averaged .252 for the week, 17 points higher than their previous percentage for the season. Not surprisingly it was CINCINNATI (4-2), already hitting at a pace 20 points better than any team in the majors, that led the offensive. Sparked by Pete Rose (.462 for the week), Tommy Helms (.462) and Alex Johnson (.417), the Reds batted .290 and four times collected over 10 hits in a game. ST. LOUIS (5-2) broke out of its hitting slump, scoring 23 runs in its last five games and regaining the league lead after dropping as low as fourth place earlier in the week. Pitcher Larry Jaster helped put the Cards on the winning track with a near-perfect game in which he retired the first 23 batters. Ken Holtzman, who did not lose a game in nine decisions for CHICAGO (3-2) last year, missed most of spring training this year and had been hit hard during the early season. Last week he finally looked ready to take up where he left off in '67, as he pitched 19 innings and allowed just four runs and eight hits. Juan Marichal won his eighth and ninth games of the season and Willie Mays won two games with two-run homers, but SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) was shut out twice and dropped from the league lead. HOUSTON (3-3) was another team with improved hitting. Led by Lee Thomas' .400 average for the week, the Astros combined for a .252 team BA, rounding out a three-week batting surge that lifted their team percentage 10 points. ATLANTA (3-2) maintained its position among the challengers on the strong pitching of Pat Jarvis, who threw a four-hitter, and Phil Niekro, who allowed just three hits. With the exception of Don Drysdale, who pitched a record-breaking fifth straight shutout, LOS ANGELES' (3-4) pitching was unusually weak, allowing 34 runs and a startling total of 76 hits in dropping to seventh. For PHILADELPHIA (2-3) Woody Fryman reeled off his fourth straight win with a four-hit shutout, giving the Phillies the advantage in their big winter deal with PITTSBURGH (1-4). Jim Bunning, who went to the Pirates in that trade, was hit hard for the third straight start, this time failing to get past the fifth inning against the Mets. Losing its fourth Sunday doubleheader in four tries, NEW YORK (2-4) fell into the cellar again. The Mets' young pitching staff was still rolling, however, as Jerry Koosman won his eighth of the year and Dick Selma, who barely made the team after going 0-5 in spring training, took his fourth victory without a loss.

Standings: StL 27-21, SF 27-22, Atl 26-27, Chi 25-23, Phil 22-21, Cin 23-23, LA 25-26, Hou 21-26, Pitt 19-24, NY 20-27

HIGHLIGHT

Star Detroit Outfielder Al Kaline was knocked out of action with a broken arm on May 23, and it looked eerily like the same old Tiger pattern: early-season lead, Kaline injury, nosedive and goodby pennant. Detroit's earlier two-game advantage had dwindled to a mere half. Then up stepped stolid Willie Horton, whose 5' 10", 200-pound build and hard-swinging right-handed batting style remind old baseball men of the young Roy Campanella. Horton struck the key hits in four games of a five-game Tiger winning streak that boosted the team to the biggest lead (three games) enjoyed by an American League club this season. Averaging .360 for the week with seven runs batted in, the 25-year-old outfielder clouted four home runs, each providing the Tigers with either their winning margin or a game-saving rally. The hottingest Tiger—he ranks in the league's top three in batting (.320), RBIs (31) and homers (15)—Horton is hardly the healthiest. Even as he increased his consecutive-game hitting streak to 14, he limped as a result of a frequently aggravated sore heel. But neither Kaline's injury that increased the pressure on Horton to produce runs nor his own ailments have affected the Detroit slugger's blithe approach to the game. He never reads stories about himself and does not remember opposing players' names. With his tremendous strength, he occasionally nonchalantly clubs his long hits with an unorthodox one-handed swing. When reminded of past achievements Horton often replies, "I can't think about that. That's past and you should never look back." Horton's nonthinking approach to hitting has left the opposition thinking that perhaps Detroit is breaking that old pattern.



TIGERS' HORTON: A BOOST AT BAT

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL Franchises were awarded by the National League to SAN DIEGO and MONTREAL. Both will commence to play next season in the West Coast club in a new 45,000-seat park. The Canadian team in Autostade (Expo Stadium), where the seating capacity will be upped from 25,000 to 40,000 and where the club will compete until a proposed 55,000-seat domed stadium is opened, hopefully in 1971. Thus the National League and the American League, which granted franchises to Kansas City and Seattle last fall, will have 12 teams each next season. The American, however, will be divided next year into East and West divisions of six teams each and will play 156 games. There will be a play-off between the two winners to determine who will face the champion of the National, which will play either 162 or 165 games but will not split into two halves. Under its realignment, the American League's eastern division will consist of Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, New York and Washington, while the western division will be comprised of California, Chicago, Kansas City, Minnesota, Oakland and Seattle.

BOATING The new and ultra-safe hydroplane *Sunmaid* (*page 65*) remained upright, but failed to qualify for the finals of the Dixie Cup race in Guntersville, Ala., where MISS EAGLE ELECTRIC, driven by Warner Gardner and owned by Dave Heerensperger of Spokane, was the winner.

BOXING JOTIS MARTIN of Philadelphia floored Thad Spencer of San Francisco twice en route to scoring a TKO at 2:28 of the ninth round of their heavyweight fight in London.

GOLF BOB LUNN of Sacramento, who had not won a tournament until this month, made it two in a row with a 72-hole total of 280, which was good for $23,000 first-place money and a three-stroke margin over Lee Trevino.

HORSE RACING The Belmont Stakes was won by STAGE DOOR JOHNNY ($10.80), a 1¼-length victory over Forward Pass (*page 32*).

Johnny Rotz rode JN REALITY ($3.20) to a 1¼-length victory over Advocator in the $107,900 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont.

The $134,700 Jersey Derby at Garden State was taken by OUT OF THE WAY ($14.20), who finished 2½ lengths in front of Captain's Gig, who, in turn, was a neck ahead of favored Iron Ruler.

SIR IVOR, an American-bred colt owned by U.S. Ambassador to Ireland Raymond Guest and ridden by Lester Piggott, won the $210,360 Epsom Derby by 1½ lengths over Connaught.

In another race at Epsom Downs, the English Oaks was won by 11-to-8 favorite LA LAGUNE, a French filly owned by Henri Berlin and trained by François Boutin, who beat Irish-trained Glad One by five lengths.

MOTOR SPORTS BOBBY UNSER of Albuquerque finished first in the Indianapolis 500 with a record average speed of 152.882 mph (*page 34*).

MARK DONOHUE drove his Camaro to victory in the three-hour Lime Rock (Conn.) Trans American sports-car race, winding up with a 3.04-mile lead over Jerry Titus, who drove a Mustang.

RICHARD PETTY led all the way in a 1968 Plymouth as he won the 100-mile NASCAR Grand National in Asheville, N.C. Buddy Baker and Bobby Isaac, both driving Dodge Chargers, were second and third, respectively.

SOCCER NASL: There were new first-place teams in all four divisions, but two of the displaced leaders regained their No. 1 spots before the week ended. NEW YORK bumped Atlanta from the lead in the Eastern Conference's Atlantis Division with a 1-0 win against Boston. ATLANTA, though moved back on top by four points, beating Dallas 1-0 and holding the runner-up Generals to a scoreless deadlock. In all there were nine shutouts in 12 games. BALTIMORE set a league record by running its winning streak to six straight with a pair of 1-0 wins and took third place from WASHINGTON, which had a win and a loss. BOSTON lost twice. CLEVELAND a 2-0 winner over Toronto, replaced idle CHICAGO by one point atop the Lakes Division. DETROIT lost once and TORONTO had a win and a loss. SAN DIEGO was the other club to regain its lead after briefly falling to second place in the Pacific Division of the Western Conference. The Titans, who had been displaced by OAKLAND, which had a tie and a loss, leapfrogged back to first place with 1-2-2 tie against last place LOS ANGELES, which lost its other game. VANCOUVER did not play. In the Gulf Division, HOUSTON took a three-point lead over KANSAS CITY, defeating Oakland 1-0 on Luiz Juracy's goal with 3:05 to play, while the Spurs lost to Toronto by the same score. Third-place ST. LOUIS got by Los Angeles 3-2 as Casey Frankiewicz scored twice. DALLAS had a tie and a loss.

Three goals in the first 11 minutes of overtime enabled MANCHESTER UNITED to defeat Benfica of Portugal 4-1 and thus become the first English club to triumph in the European Soccer Cup finals, which were held in London.

TRACK & FIELD—Five miles finished in less than four minutes at the IC4A championships in Philadelphia with Villanova's DAVE PATRICK (St. June 3) breaking the tape in 3:56.8. Behind Patrick, who bettered his year-old meet record of 4:04.9, came Brian Kivlan of Manhattan (3:57.4), Jerry Richey of Pittsburgh and Frank Murphy of Villanova (both 3:58.6) and Jack Fath of Fordham (3:59.5). Two meet marks were broken by LARRY JAMES and ERV HALL, both of Villanova, which won its ninth title in 12 years. James ran the 440 in 45.5 and Hall took the 120-yard high hurdles in 13.5. Other record setters were TERRY DONNELLY of William and Mary (8:46.2 in the 3,000-meter steeplechase), STEVE STAGEBERG of Georgetown (13:32.6 for three miles) and DAVE HEMERY of Boston University (50.4 in the 440-yard intermediate hurdles). For the second week in a row Australian Ron Clarke, holder of the world two-mile mark of 8:19.8, was defeated, this time by GLORIA YOUNG at the Champions meet in San Diego. Young, running the second fastest two-mile ever, lowered the American record by 3.2 seconds to 8:22.0, six-tenths of a second better than Clarke. Sprinter JIM HINES was involved in two judges' decisions, winning one and losing the other. He beat Tommie Smith in a 220-yard race in which both were clocked at 20.3 and lost to CHARLIE GREENE in the 100-yard dash, which both ran in 9.3. LEE EVANS was first in the 440 in 45.8. JAY SILVESTER won the discus with a toss of 205' 7". BOB BEAMON took the long jump with a leap of 26' 9¾", and RANDY MATSON was the best of the shot putters with a heave of 68' 7½". OLIVER FORD of Southern University tied the world mark of 10.0 for the 100-meter dash at the NAIA championships in Albuquerque, where the team title was won by PRAIRIE VIEW A&M.

MILEPOSTS NAMED: As successor to George Halas, who retired after 40 years as head coach of the Chicago Bears, JIM DOOLEY, 38, an assistant coach with the team for the past five years and an offensive end for the Bears for nine seasons prior to that. Last year Dooley came up with the Dooley Shift, a defensive move in which he used five backs (one playing in place of a linebacker) in long-yardage situations.

NAMED: As coach of the Detroit Red Wings, BILL GADSBY, 40, succeeding Sid Abel, 50, who remains as general manager. Gadsby, who played for Chicago, New York and Detroit and was an All-Star defenseman seven times, ended his 20-year playing career two years ago.

NAMED: As head basketball coach at Weber State, PHIL JOHNSON, 26, who replaces DICK MOTTA, 36, the new coach of the Chicago Bulls of the NBA.

TRADED: Defenseman BOB BAUN, 31, and Forward RON HARRIS, 25, by the Oakland Seals to the Detroit Red Wings for Defensemen HOWIE YOUNG, 30, and GARY JARRETT, 25, plus Right-winger DOUG ROBERTS, 25, and an unnamed amateur.

TRADED: Offensive End BUCKY POPE, 27, by the Los Angeles Rams for Linebacker BOB SANDERS, 25, and Guard JIM WILSON, 26, of the Atlanta Falcons.

RETIRED: By Owner Peter Fuller, DANCER'S IMAGE, the star-crossed 3-year-old colt, because of an ankle ailment. Dancer's Image, disqualified as winner of the Kentucky Derby after traces of phenylbutazone were found in his system and dropped from third place to eighth in the Preakness because of bumping, will be syndicated for breeding.

DIED: OSWALD TOWER, 84, who helped codify the rules of basketball and was a member of the NCAA rules committee from 1910 through 1960, at his home in West Caldwell, N.J.

CREDITS

6—Acme (2)—28—Hank Kaufman—29—Steve Kagan—30, 33—Heinz Kluetmeier—35—Tony Tomsic—James Drake—36—James Drake—37—James Drake (3), Tony Tomsic—38—Tony Tomsic—40—Rose Associates—41—CBS Photo—50—Pan American—60, 61—Drawing by Doe Todd—62—AP, UPI—65—Stuart Smith—75—Fred Kaplan Black Star—82, 83—Acme, Dick Ellison and Tribune Sun—Arthur Griffin—107—Arthur Shay—108—Weis Jr., Boyer, Cobb, T. Reed, Schell and Jerry Van Cura.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PATTY LYNN CARMAN, a sixth-grader from Goleta, Calif., who is coached by Mary Rand, Great Britain's 1964 Olympic long-jump champion, set an unofficial high jump record for 10-year-olds with a leap of 4' 7" at a meet in Huntington Beach, Calif.



RANDY MILLER of Fleetwood (Pa.) High School brought his ERA down to 0.42 with three no-hitters in one month, two against previously unbeaten Schuylkill Valley, including a perfect game in which he struck out 16 of 21 batters, 10 of them in succession.



TOM GARRITY, a member of the cycling team at Fort MacArthur, Calif., won the 100-kilometer (62.5 miles) race at the Riverside (Calif.) International Grand Prix course, covering the distance in 2:24:13 and finishing ahead of 72 other cyclists.



PST CLEARY of Pontiac, Mich. and a junior at the University of Dayton was the winner of the women's division of the National Intercollegiate Flying Association championships at Ohio University and, what's more, was chosen as queen of the NIFA.



GEORGE GUNN, an Oklahoma State junior from Stillwater, Okla., came out on top in the Big Eight small-bore rifle competition, shooting *his way to a total* score of 568 out of a possible 600 and helping the Cowboys to win their third straight conference championship.



BILL STINNETT, an Indiana senior with a 79.8 stroke-per-round *average going into the* final day of the Big Ten golf championships, shot a 73-71 in the last two rounds to lead the Hoosiers to a 12-stroke win over Michigan State and first place in the tournament.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CONCERNED ATHLETES

Sirs

Although my name is the same, I am not a relative of John McCormick and can comment objectively on his article, *Score One for Today's Students* (May 20). Sports certainly have "become a normal, natural part of life." No longer are athletes a unique and separated group as they were in the '30s. The term "jock" no longer possesses the derogatory implication it once had. The "middle-of-the-road" opinions are no longer acceptable on today's campuses and, as Mr. McCormick so superbly points out, the modern athlete is no longer a middle-of-the-roader.

I'm sure that there are many other student-athletes like myself who have been subjected to a certain amount of tension in wanting to be active in sports and yet fearful of being stereotyped, with a resultant loss of personal identity and ideas. It is refreshing and reassuring to know there are intuitive people like Professor McCormick who realize that athletes are not all of the same mind and mold.

Thank you very much for such an excellent appraisal of a current situation.

ANDREW MCCORMICK

Brighton, Mass.

Sirs

Congratulations to you and thanks to Professor McCormick. His article brought back much more than just our "left-wing," "egg-head" view of sports. I had almost forgotten the feeling of college and lost causes in the late '30s and very early '40s.

Professor McCormick was so right about the underlying respect we gave to football in those times, despite our disclaimer. In looking back, I realize that the major reason for my pursuing graduate work at Cornell in 1945 was its Big Red reputation before World War II.

STEVEN E. SCHANES
Academic Dean
University of San Diego

San Diego

THE MASTER BOB

Sirs

Your article on Bob Goalby (*The New Life of Bob Goalby*, May 27) is a well-put, well-timed, well-deserved defense of one of the finest veteran touring pros in America today.

On Wednesday, April 3 Bob was subjected to me as a partner for 18 rainy holes in the Pro-Am at the Greensboro Open. He was courteous and considerate as well as patient!

Congratulations to Bob Goalby, the Masters Champion for 1968, and congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for recognizing him as such!

JAMES HEDGPETH

Concord, N.C.

Sirs

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Dan Jenkins on his fine article on Bob Goalby, not because he wrote so many truths about Golfer Goalby winning the Masters (he really did, you know, by shooting great golf), but because Jenkins didn't mention Goalby as the "All-America" quarterback from Illinois. Just for the record, Goalby never played even one minute of varsity football for the U. of Ill. Goalby came to the Illini as an 11-letter athlete but dropped out after completing only two semesters, which only goes to prove that some dropouts do make it big.

BOB HANNUM

Lubbock, Texas

THE REVEREND BOB

Sirs

Congratulations on your article concerning the Rev. Bob Richards, a truly great man (*They Cheer When the Parson Is Pitching*, May 27). I first met Bob Richards at the concluding ceremonies of the National Junior Track and Field Championships in St. Paul, Minn. It was quite an experience for me to see and talk with him. As a result, I feel fortunate to have been one of the many, many youngsters who have been moved by him and what he stands for.

I feel sure that the Reverend Bob is as concerned about America's youth as Robert Kennedy and Richard Nixon are about the summer of 1968. It was just last summer that Bob Richards helped me to make one of the biggest decisions of my life and I am thankful to him for it. I realize I am only one, but God only knows how many more have been influenced by this truly great man. It is with people like him that we can continue to help the youngsters of today to grow and mature with a purpose in life.

I might also add the reason for Bob's little success, financially, in his book sales—he gives too many away!

JACK KEFSLING

Anderson, Ind.

Sirs

I have a great deal of respect for Myron Cope as a sportswriter, but it is apparent that he chose a very unworthy subject for this article. It has always been my belief that men of the cloth should shun worldly possessions and assume a life of frugality when they enter God's service. Yet you stated that the Reverend Bob earns in the neighborhood of $125,000 a year. That isn't quite my idea of frugality, just as four cars, including two Mercedes and a Cadillac, seem a bit preposterous for a family of five.

If religion should make you happy and successful, as Mr. Richards states, I wonder why the reverend doesn't make an effort to calm our riot-torn ghettos, where there is a definite lack of happiness and success, instead of padding his own pockets.

JIM ALVORD

Deerfield, Mass.

Sirs

Here are the facts. I am the No. 3 man on the Watkinson School varsity tennis team. Wheaties is the "Breakfast of Champions." I have eaten Wheaties for 16 years. My record in scholastic play this spring is zero wins, 10 losses. I believe in God and Bob Richards. Where is all the magic in those "toasted whole wheat flakes"?

MICHAEL QUINT

Hartford, Conn.

Sirs

My son eats oatmeal, loves baseball and swimming, and I am proud of him. If, however, he ever tries to emulate Bob Richards, I will know I have failed as a father.

Myron Cope's *They Cheer* reminds me of Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* and *Elmer Gantry*, but Lewis, of course, was writing fiction.

RAY PHILLIPS

New Windsor, Md.

Sirs

We thoroughly enjoyed the deeply moving and inspirational article, *They Cheer*. Every young person who is mired in the "muck" of making decisions should find inspiration in the success story of a truly intellectual American such as Bob Richards. The younger generation is in good hands with able leaders such as Parson Bob, who are deeply involved with and keenly aware of the problems that are "bugging" today's youth. Problems such as "abstract education," "abstract religion" and, certainly, the "thwartation of ambition" deeply affect the intellectual thought of today's youth. It is amazing that this Avenger of the American Conscience with his cool intellectual insight into the Red Menace has not attempted a political office. We would all feel secure if this man with his keen business sense coupled with his dislike of "decadent socialism" should obtain an office. Parson Bob's strength would lie in his support by clean-cut, God-fearing youth. God bless Bob Richards! God bless Wheaties!

KEITH STUHLER
JEFF MESSERSMITH

De Land, Fla.

continued

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BASEBALL, ANYONE? (CONT.)

Sirs:

Lee Wilson's article, *A Fast Pitch for a Faster Game* (May 13), was marvelous and I am wondering if he is the anonymous writer who wrote *The First Federal Savings Bank Grand Prix* (Feb. 21, 1966). You will recall that the article was signed only by a penitentiary number.

I wasn't even thinking about it until I got to the part of a sentence in *Fast Pitch* that read, "... football should abandon its arbitrary, artificial time limit and replace it with a natural time limit of 12 innings."

As clear as a bell I could hear Clarence the getaway man's words: "An automobile should have a stick shift, as God intended."

J. J. C. MARTIS

Tucson

● Lee Wilson has strong convictions but has never been jailed for them. ED.

Sirs:

I feel that I should publicly praise Lee Wilson for his visionary and thoughtful proposal for changing the game of baseball as it is now, so boringly, played. The ideas that he advanced seem to be well worth the careful consideration of Messrs. Eckert, Cronin and Giles. From the view of both the fan and the owners, who are, after all, in a business venture, implementation of the three-set concept would definitely lead to greater excitement and enjoyment of the game.

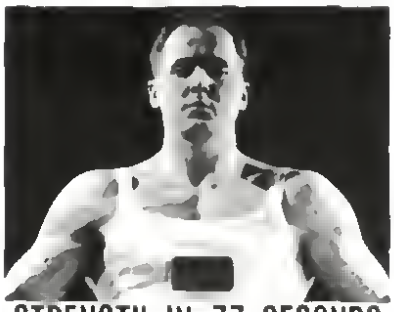
A case in point would be the Tiger-Athletic game of April 30, played in Tiger Stadium. The A's jumped to what proved to be an insurmountable lead in the first inning, and it became quite apparent to all present that they would miss nothing should they leave early. While application of this proposal might not have speeded up the game, it would definitely have made it more exciting and attractive.

I am sorely afraid, however, that this idea, not unlike the league realignment proposal of Bill Veeck, or the oft-repeated idea of interleague play, will be passed by without even a serious glance from any of the owners or the commissioner's office and shuttled aside. So the game of baseball will continue on its path toward more boredom and less excitement until it finally succumbs to football as the No. 1 sport of the nation. This should never happen, for baseball is singularly American in birth, and America is similarly enriched by baseball.

I applaud and thank you, gentlemen, for providing a platform from which men like Mr. Wilson can publicize their ideas. I only hope that someone else beside me is listening.

BRUCE J. METSCHER

Detroit



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Jim Morgan in Europe

or

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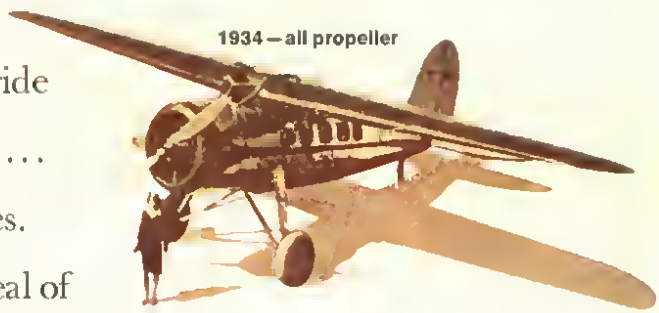
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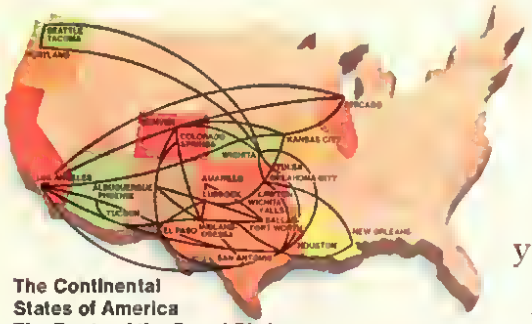
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CONTINENTAL

THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL

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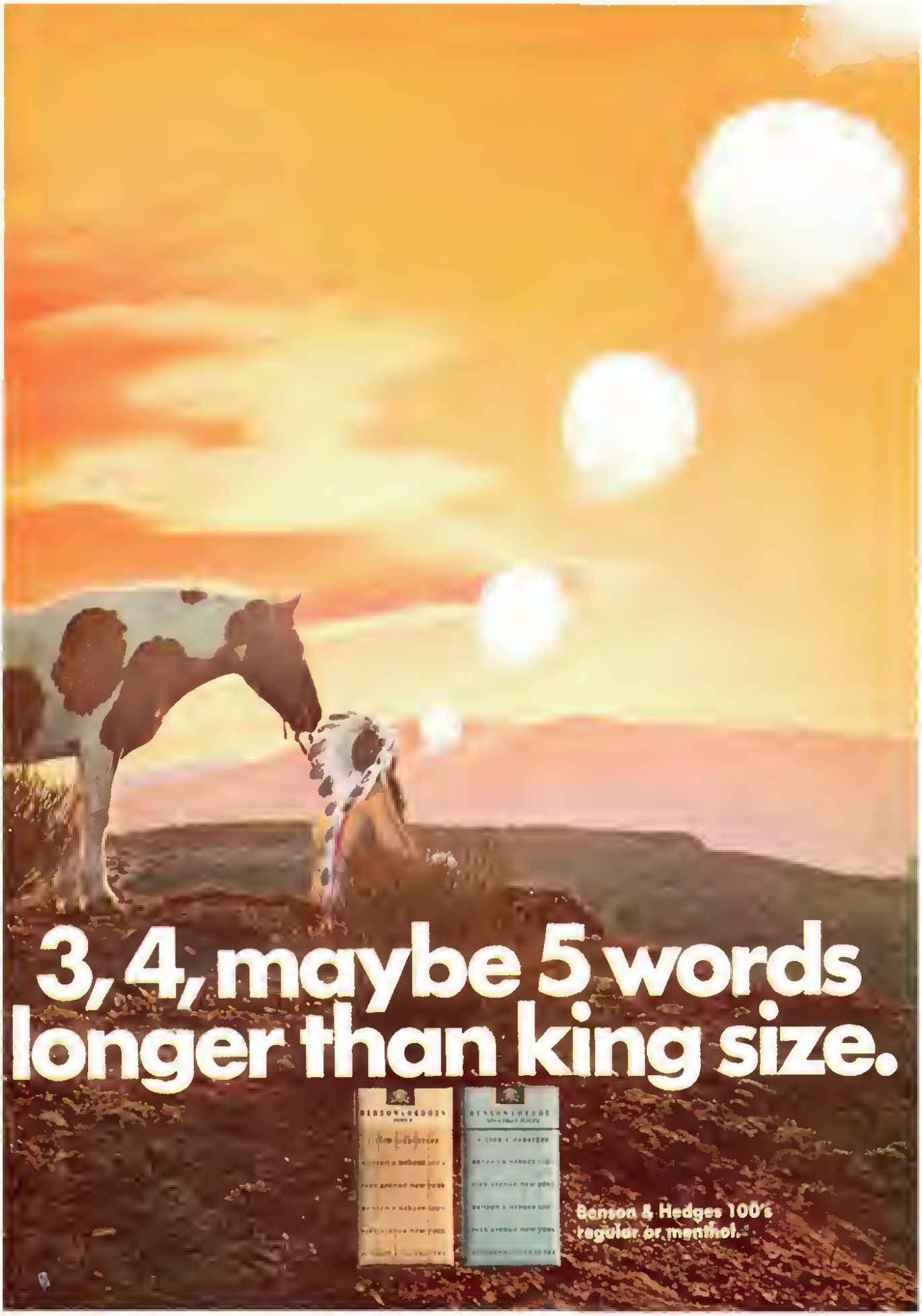
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